OCTOBER, 1928

The Quality Magazine

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Screenland

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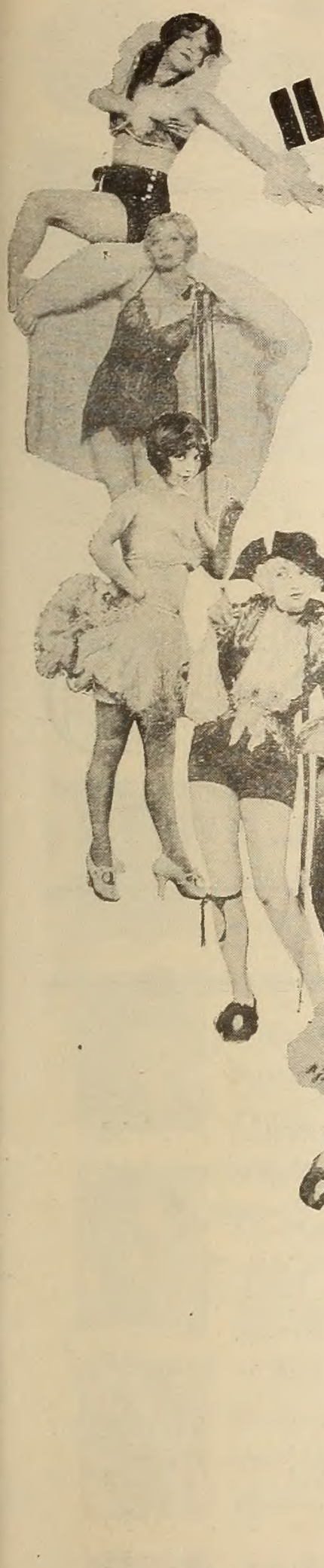
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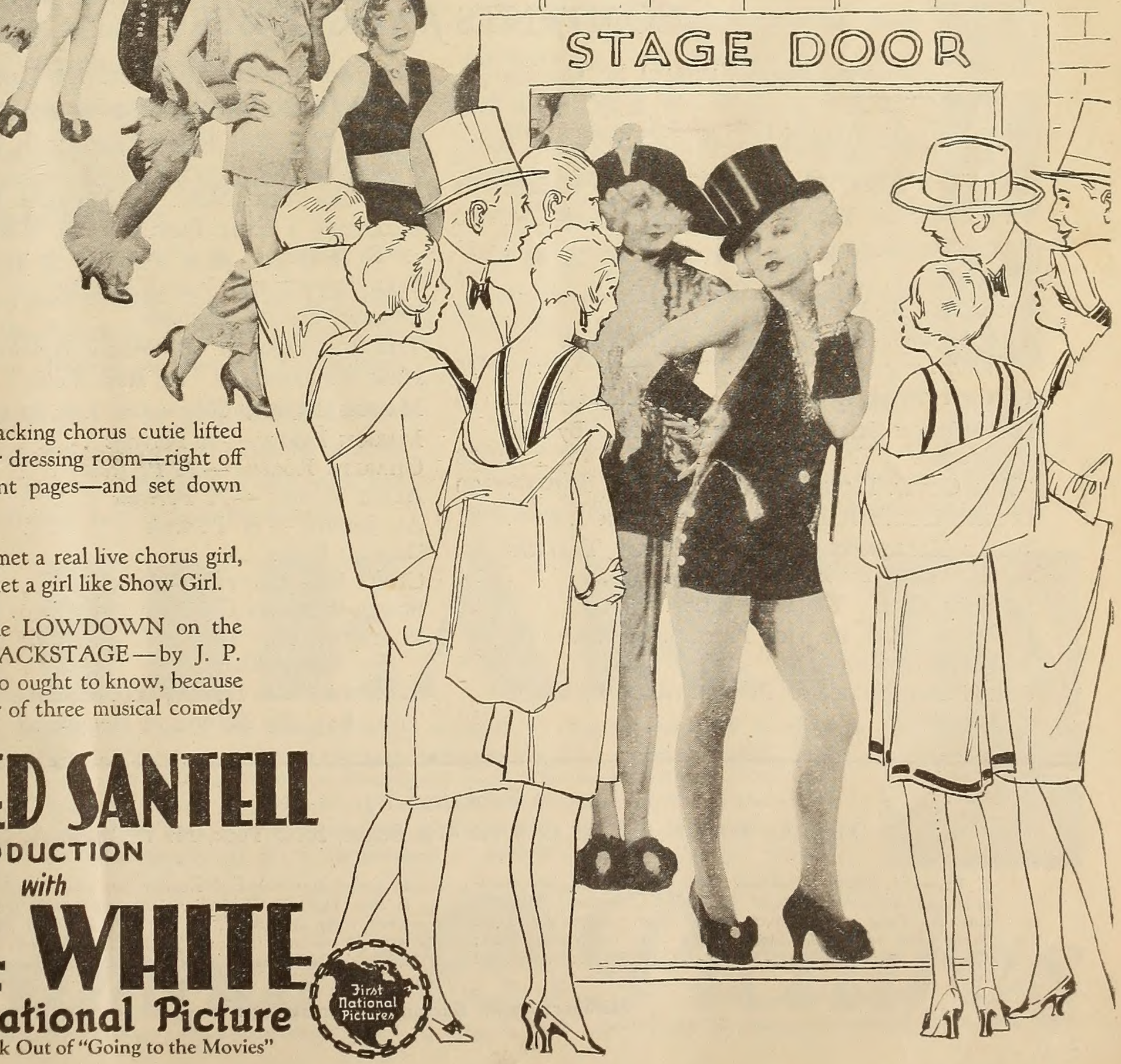
Everybody's waiting for "SHOW GIRL" *on the Screen!*

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A First National Picture

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First National Pictures

¶ *Corinne Griffith, the Girl on the Cover, will shortly appear as* 'The Divine Lady' *and then in* 'The Outcast.'



¶ SCREENLAND *is published on the 5th of the month preceding date of issue.*

SCREENLAND

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

October, 1928 — *"The Spirit of the Movies"* — VOL. XVII, No. 6

Eliot Keen, *Editor*

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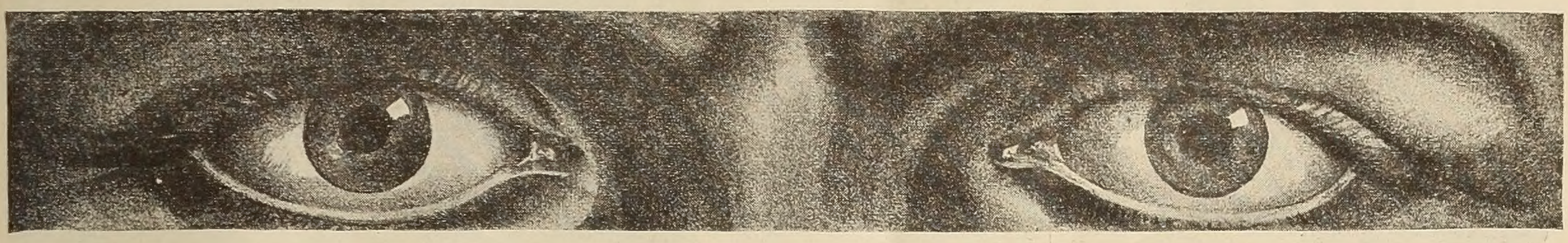
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"BEGGARS OF LIFE"

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"THE MATING CALL"

By Rex Beach. Starring Thomas Meighan, with Evelyn Brent and Renée Adorée. Directed by James Cruze. Produced by Caddo Co.



"THE FIRST KISS"

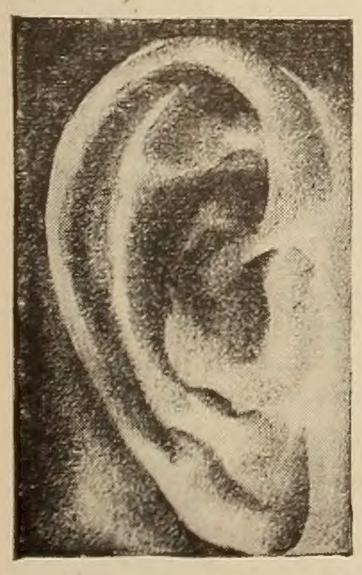
Starring Paramount's Glorious Young Lovers, Fay Wray and Gary Cooper. With Lane Chandler. Rowland V. Lee Production.



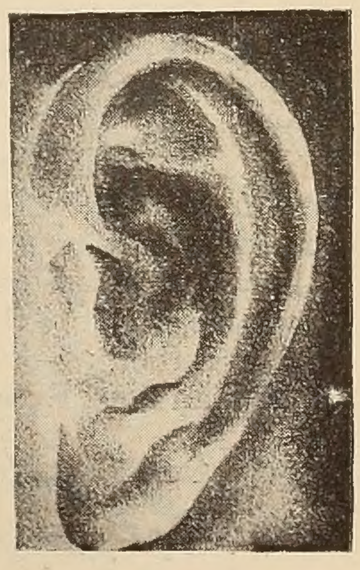
"JUST MARRIED"

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An Answer Page of Information

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49 West 45th Street
New York City



¶ Clara Bow is Miss Vee Dee's only rival with the mail-men. Clara gets 33,000 letters a month from faithful fans. Miss Vee Dee has stopped counting.

ASK ME---

MOVIE *Lover from Oklahoma.* There are *movie* lovers and movie *lovers,* you know. For instance, there is the John Gilbert-Ronald Colman variety—the movie *lovers.* Then there are you, and me—the *movie* lovers. Make up your mind. Marshall Neilan has signed up with F. B. O. to direct pictures. Address him at F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, Cal. His wife, Blanche Sweet, was to have made *The Green Hat* in England; but when she got over there she decided they weren't wearing green this season; or else the hat didn't fit; or maybe she got home-sick. Anyway, she is now back in this country, making *A Woman in White.* Welcome back, Blanche. Robert Ames is on the stage now. William Collier, Jr., can be reached at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

A Freshie from Chicago. Not many handsome men in the movies? Where *have* you been? Not in Chicago, I'll wager; out there they know handsome men when they see 'em. Dorothy Mackaill is playing in *The Barker* with Milton Sills, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Betty Compson. I can't very well give you Jackie Coogan's height because it keeps changing all the time. He's a growing lad, you know. He was born in Los Angeles, Cal., October 26, 1914. Jackie is a school-boy now and hasn't made a picture since *Buttons.*

Greta, North Haven, Conn. So you like the way I run my department, do you? Tell that to the Editor. Madge Bellamy is 25 years old, has golden-brown hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 110 pounds. She has been married but is separated now. Her real name is Madge Philpotts, I believe. You can reach her at Fox Studios, Hollywood, Cal. Her latest is made with sound—*Mother Knows Best.* Buck Jones was born about 38 years ago in Vincennes, Ind. Lya de Putti was born in Vesca, Hungary, in 1904. John Miljan was born in Lead County, Dakota, about 30 years ago. He's 6 feet tall.

Mary of Pittsburgh. Mary Brian's twin sister, are you? Does Mary know about it? I'm still gasping for breath over all the questions you ask about your better half. Mary was born in Dallas, Texas, Feb. 19, 1908. I never saw her when her brown hair was straight, so we'll say it has a permanent wave. Her eyes are a beautiful blue, with long thick lashes. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds.

J. M. of New York City. You're right; love at first sight is a great time-saver—but who wants to be in such a hurry? Olive Borden is no longer with the Fox organization but Columbia Pictures, 1408 Gower Ct., Hollywood, Cal., has signed her for a comedy drama with John Boles as her leading man. George Lewis can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Billie Dove gets her fan mail at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Lois Moran at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

A Western Movie Admirer. Welcome stranger; come in and tarry while I count the gold you toted in from them thar hills, as we say in the movies. Sally Blane, Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen can be addressed at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Janet Gaynor at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Buck Jones is now on a vaude-

(*Continued on page 6*)



IN FOUR SONS William Fox has made another notable contribution to screen art—a great, human masterpiece that will provoke the world's tears and smiles.

John Ford, distinguished director of such outstanding pictures as "Mother Machree," "Hangman's House," "3 Bad Men" and "The Iron Horse," has in FOUR SONS made a world celebrity of an unknown—an obscure "extra" repulsed and rebuffed by Hollywood for ten years.

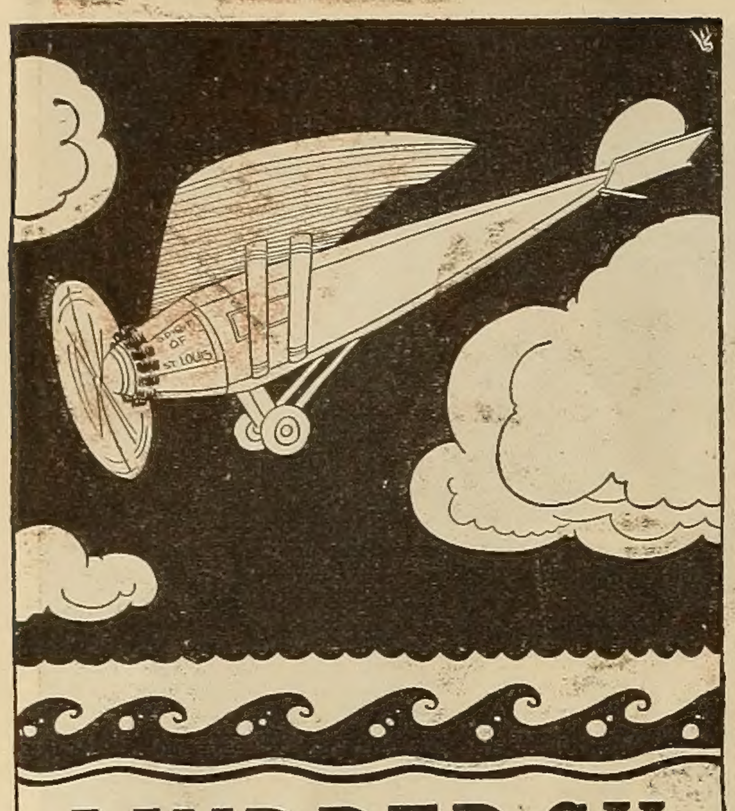
They're calling Margaret Mann a sixty-year-old Cinderella. Patiently she worked and waited for her big chance and when it came she "made good" with a performance that will rank for all time among screen classics.

FOUR SONS also brings to the screen several rising young actors of great promise—Francis X. Bushman, Jr., George Meeker, James Hall and Charles Morton (watch for him in Murnau's forthcoming "4 Devils"). Their portrayals of difficult roles justify the prediction that they will be among the great stars of tomorrow.

The **FOX-MOVIETONE** accompaniment, especially arranged by Erno Rapee—played by the world famous Roxy Symphony Orchestra, and the tuneful theme song "Mutterchen," add much to the enjoyment of this beautiful picture—which you "hear" as well as "see".

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This is a special edition, bound in hard cover, with an attractive jacket. It is printed on high grade paper in very legible type. This special edition is being offered by the publishers, A. L. Burt Company, to SCREENLAND readers, at the unusual price of $1.00 per copy. It contains thirty-two illustrations.

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Name

Address

City..... State.....

ville tour but made his films at the Fox Studios. Renee Adoree is playing in *Tide of Empire* with George Duryea, who has been loaned by Pathe, for her leading man. Richard Barthelmess can be addressed at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Gilbert Roland is in *The Woman Disputed* with Norma Talmadge for United Artists.

Dash of Hartford, Conn. Skip along now to beat the band and no stop-overs—that's the way to speed 'em up. Tom Mix was born in Texas, Jan. 6, 1879. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. You can write to Tom for a photo at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Renee Adoree's real name is Renee de la Fento and in private life she is Mrs. William Sherman Gill. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Write to her at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Louise Brooks has black hair and brown eyes, is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She was born in Wichita, Kansas, in 1907. She gets her mail at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lucille C. from St. Joseph, Mo. You can't always tell about me—and if you can, you shouldn't. Clara Bow was born Aug. 8, 1905. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Clara is not married though not for lack of proposals. In one month Clara received over 33,000 letters from her admirers; can you beat it? Ricardo Cortez is the husband of Alma Rubens. Ben Turpin is married. John Gilbert is single. Helen Lynch is the wife of Carroll Nye.

A Fan from Beaver Dam, Wis. Just because I'm fired with enthusiasm, doesn't mean that I've lost my job. As far as I know, Bebe Daniels does not use a double for her pictures. James Hall played with Bebe in *Senoria*. Her latest film is *Hot News* with Neil Hamilton. Norma Shearer is appearing in *The Actress* with Ralph Forbes. Edmund Lowe plays opposite Colleen Moore in *Happiness Ahead*. Gary Cooper with Colleen in *Lilac Time*.

Dot of Youngstown, Ohio. No trouble to give you the information you want but what's a little trouble between friends? Warner Oland was born in Sweden in 1880. He played on the stage with Viola Allen, Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He plays with Rod La Rocque in *Stand and Deliver*.

Clara of Oakland, Cal. I'm glad you get lots of laughs and some information out of my department. I get a giggle or two myself. Leatrice Joy is in *The Blue Danube* with Joseph Schildkraut and Nils Asther. Write to Richard Dix at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal. Milton Sills at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Marion Davies at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

The Question Box, Los Angeles. Can I tell you if Esther Ralston, Clara Bow and Bebe Daniels smoke? That's a hot one! And what make of automobile do these girls drive? That's a fast one! You'd like to be Clara Bow's sister if she hasn't one—couldn't you manage to be a brother, too? We do not give home addresses of the stars but your letter will receive just as much attention if sent to the studio address. You can reach Bebe Daniels and Clara Bow at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Buddy's Admirer from Canton, Ohio. You'd be surprised how much I know about Buddy Rogers but 'my-know-a-lot' is all to the good and that's no joke. He gets more fan letters than any other male star and it hasn't gone to his head—Buddy seems to be vain-proof. Here's a well-meaning tip, Buddy, don't let this popularity stuff get you—we want you as you are. He has

(*Continued on page* 101)



Mary Brian of the long curly locks is Buddy Rogers' first choice in leading ladies. She plays with him in 'Varsity' and 'Just Twenty-One.' Lucky Mary—lucky Buddy!

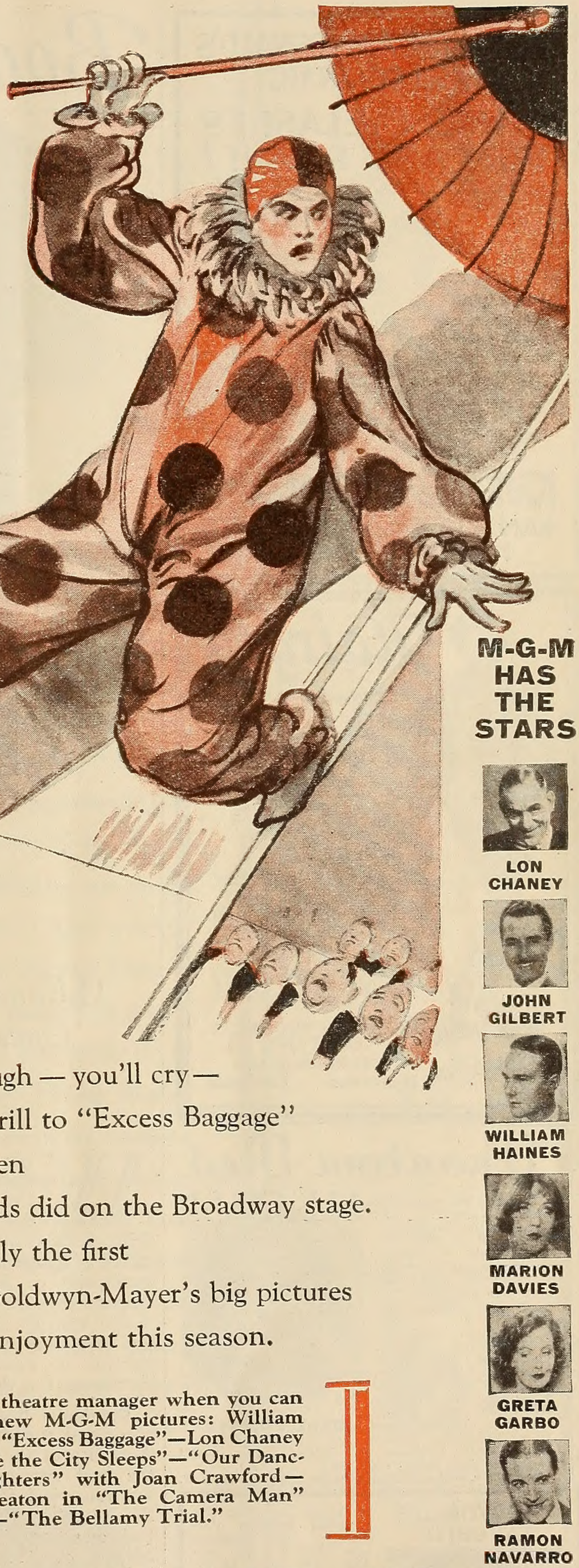
LOVE GAVE HIM COURAGE FOR HIS DEATH DEFYING SLIDE

WILLIAM HAINES

in EXCESS BAGGAGE

with Josephine Dunn and Ricardo Cortez

A James Cruze Production—Based on the play by John McGowan—Continuity by Frances Marion—A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture—Directed by James Cruze





SEE—REMEMBER AND CASH IN

Mighty few people can remember what they've seen after it's all over. You can test your own memory—and possibly win a prize, by answering these five questions. To the man sending in the best answers I'll give $50 in cash and the domino I wear in my new picture, "Excess Baggage." To the lady sending in the best answers I'll also give $50, and Miss Dunn, who plays opposite me, will give the make-up kit she used in the back stage scenes. In addition I will send autographed photographs for the fifty next best answers.

William Haines

BILL HAINES' FIVE QUESTIONS

1. What new M-G-M picture has a South Sea Island setting?
2. What two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer World Tours are now in progress?
3. What does "continuity" mean in motion picture making?
4. In 75 words or less tell who your favorite M-G-M director is and why.
5. Which M-G-M actress is called the screen's leading comedienne and name two comedies in which she has played?

Write your answers on one side of a single sheet of paper and mail to **Competition Editor, 3rd Floor, 1540 Broadway, New York.** All answers must be received by October 15th. Winners' names will be published in a later issue of this magazine.

NOTE: If you do not attend pictures yourself you may question your friends or consult motion picture magazines. In event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded a prize identical in character with that tied for

Winners of John Gilbert Contest

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JOHN GILBERT

WILLIAM HAINES

MARION DAVIES

GRETA GARBO

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TIM McCOY


CODY & PRINGLE


BUSTER KEATON


DANE & ARTHUR


LILLIAN GISH


NORMA SHEARER

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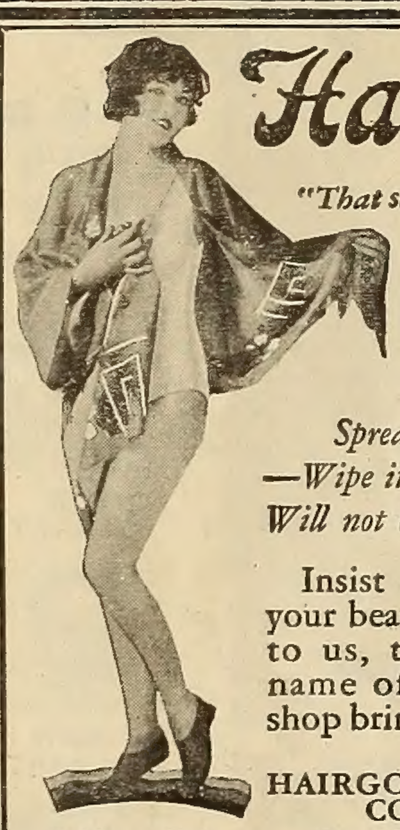
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Books for FANS



¶ *Lovely Alma Rubens plays the dramatic role of Julie in the picturization of 'Show Boat.'*

¶ *Edna Ferber's Famous Novel,* 'Show Boat', *Comes Down the Movie River. Toot! Toot!*

By *Alma Rubens*

WHEN I first heard that *Show Boat* was to be filmed by Universal, I did not realize the many difficulties which Edna Ferber's novel would present for the screen. I saw the story chiefly from the standpoint of the actress, as an intensely dramatic novel whose characters were drawn with the imaginative force that gave one the impression of reality. How delightful it would be to interpret these characters for the screen!

But *Show Boat* proved to be one of the hardest of stories to adapt for picturization. A replica of the boat had to be built from the keel upward, and the whole country was ransacked for a calliope of the period. Finally, after Harry Pollard, the director, had searched six months, Captain J. W. Menks of 'The Golden Rod Floating Palace' sent a picture of his boat to the studio. It was just what Mr. Pollard had been looking for so long. The boat's calliope was installed in 1880. It has been doing service on the Mississippi and Ohio rivers for nearly fifty years. The calliope is a strange but fascinating instrument, and we enjoyed rehearsing the jolly old songs and dances to this quaint musical accompaniment.

The wardrobe for the production covers four periods, ranging from 1885 to the present time. First came the bustles and wide-shouldered dresses, while the 'leg-o' mutton' sleeves and the 'hour-glass' waist were the prevailing styles in 1906. Between 1901 and 1905, the Gibson girl was the rage. She wore flowing Princess dresses with dainty ruffled skirts and pompadour was the favorite mode of hair dress. The gradual change to up-to-date styles is well known. Some of the picturesque costumes of *Show Boat* were heavy and uncomfortable and we were glad to change them for the sensible modern clothes of today.

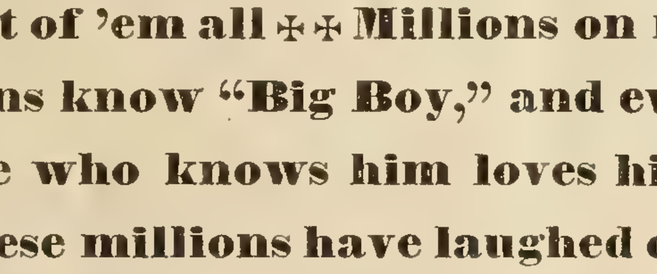
Laura La Plante plays Magnolia. We hardly knew her when she first came to the studio in her dark hair, but everyone agreed that it was very becoming. Joseph Schildkraut plays Gaylord Ravenal, the debonair river gambler, and Emily Fitzroy has the stern role of Parthenia Ann Hawkes. Jack McDonald plays 'Windy,' the pilot of the 'Cotton Blossom.' I have enjoyed my own role of Julie immensely.

It has been a wonderful experience to play in *Show Boat,* and I have enjoyed every minute of it. I loved hearing the negroes sing and all the medley of the noise of the steamboat going down the Mississippi, the band leaving the boat and the grand parade in the town.



How big is "Big Boy"?

Smallest of the screen stars, and youngest, too . . . he's only "four, going on five" ✢ But in personality and appeal he ranks with the biggest of 'em all ✢✢ Millions on millions know "Big Boy," and every one who knows him loves him ✢ These millions have laughed over "Big Boy's" antics in "She's a Boy," "Navy Beans," "Kid Hayseed" and his other recent comedies ✢ They'll laugh more than ever at the new ones coming for this season, for he's funnier than ever in them ✢ We dare you to watch "Big Boy" for half a minute without smiling and forgetting your troubles!



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A Modern Screen Magazine

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Can be applied without removing hose. Used by prominent Hollywood stars. A necessity in every vanity case. One application more than pays price of trial tube.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER—good for limited time only—Send 10c in coin or stamps for trial tube—**enough for 150 runs!**

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SUBSTANTIAL ADVANCE ROYALTIES ARE PAID upon publishable work. **ANYONE** having original ideas for Songs may submit poems for examination and advice.—**WALTER NEWCOMER, 1674 B'way, N. Y.**

Pictures that TALK



Raquel Torres was the first screen player to make a test in Hollywood's electric recording laboratory which enables stars to furnish all studios with voice tests at the same time they offer screen tests. Mr. Paul Hodge, owner of the laboratory, is showing Miss Torres the wax disc, the master record, and the completed record of her voice. Apparatus on which tests were made is shown to the rear.

By *Edwin Howard*

THE synchronized films are great successes. The musical score once played perfectly by a competent orchestra adds great pleasure forever after. Warner Brothers discovered this as early as *Don Juan*, and now we shall have music of a much higher quality than we have been having for every picture. The tempo, the theme and the variety of the score of Pola Negri's *Loves of an Actress* were delightful.

The dialogue of the Talkers is coming to be accepted. Probably the speech will be heard only when the character is shown in close-up and there will be no confusion. When the characters are near enough we shall expect to hear them. When they are shown farther away we shall feel no strangeness if we do not hear them. In Richard Dix's picture, *Warming Up*, a very successful crowd sound added tremendously to the drama.

The change of the Silent Drama to the Speaking Screen is a steady march and every day brings fresh news. The talking newsreels are a great success. The so-called synchronized pictures with canned accompaniments are most enjoyable. Added sounds like the crowd noises or theme songs are, when artistically done, a real addition, and at last the dialogue for pictures is being mastered. Just a little while now and all the faults will be eliminated.

The sound engineers could set many an anxious Hollywood player at ease. Mr. Dayton C. Miller, perhaps the greatest authority on sound, could tell the players many reassuring facts. He can take out certain sounds from a voice or he can put in other sounds, such as bell tones. He can make weak voices sound strong and so on. Now that the scientists are the bosses of the screen art, why not let them solve the troubles, too? You have only to listen to Graham McNamee's voice over one loud speaker and then listen to another to realize what changes can be made just by the difference in the inductance, capacity, tubes, condensers, and other gadgets.

* * *

It will be all right about sound in pictures. The actors and actresses who fear the new sound records were destined to fail anyhow. The ones who are generous, unselfish and kind will have voices we wish to hear. Cultured voices are not made in a moment. But there are millions of voices without a sound wave of culture that are loved for their soul-revealing intonations. The players have long known that hateful thoughts photograph; now they will know that voices reveal the soul qualities that we like and that we will go to the theatre to hear. The parts in a play rarely require silver-tongued speakers or cultured Harvard accents. But the quality of personality is always present. "She has a pleasant voice," we say; and we like her for it. The whole world is moving closer to Hollywood so that now we can hear as well as watch our favorites, and we will know them and like them better.

When we were very young we heard the great Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle speak the toast, "Here's to your health and to your family's health. May you live long and prosper." That voice can never be forgotten.

Hollywood has dozens of players who are about to enter into a glorious life of complete expression. We never know when our great chance is coming.

The Newest PICTURE GIRL



¶ *Ruth Elder, the trans-Atlantic flier, welcomes George Haldeman to Hollywood.*



¶ *Ruth Elder is the new leading woman for Richard Dix—in* 'Moran of the Marines.'

¶ *Fly the Ocean and Land in Hollywood.*

By *Julie Lang*

AMERICAN GIRL ATTEMPTS ATLANTIC HOP — ELDER AND HALDEMAN RESCUED NEAR AZORES—ELDER GIVEN GIGANTIC WELCOME IN PARIS—NEW YORK TURNS OUT TO GREET RUTH ELDER —RUTH ELDER WINS MOVIE CONTRACT—

Through flaring headlines and breath-taking columns and pictures, Ruth Elder has been introduced to the American public. She has been newsreeled, interviewed and photographed from Paris to Los Angeles; she has

(*Cont. on page* 82)

I WANT TO BE

By Delight Evans



¶ *Greta Garbo's eyes say No and promise Yes. They understand these things in Sweden.*



¶ *The bad little girls make this old World go round— and like it.*

¶ Why are some girls talked about, envied, copied and worshipped? Here's the answer.



¶ *Clara of the flaming red hair and mocking eyes and bare legs is one of our best little bad girls.*



¶ *The hot tamale from Mexico, Miss Lupe Velez — or why Nordics go to the movies.*

A BAD GIRL





¶ *That slumbrous something in Gloria Swanson's eyes is attractive —but oh, when Gloria stops dreaming!*

OH, to be colorful! Hollywood, in common with the rest of the world, wants good girls, and wants 'em bad.

'Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever' looks all right in a copy-book but it doesn't mean money in the bank. Good, sweet maids had better learn to be clever, too.

Every girl yearns to be a charmer. To be a charmer you have to be colorful. There is no color line in Hollywood. The more color you have, the more prosperous your career.

Color is what it takes. Don't call it sex appeal. Or It. Call it Color. Color is a combination of everything nice. It is sex appeal—but it is also spiritual. Oh, yes, it is, too. It is It—but it is also art. Imagination—allure —charm—culture—mentality—poise—fascination—humor, but not too much humor—all these agreeable qualities are included in the adjective colorful—with a dash of absinthe to taste.

You may have heard that virtue is its own reward. That must be why it isn't in more demand. You don't catch a group sitting around talking about Queen Victoria, do you? Well, she was a good woman. Or Lydia Pinkham? She was another. You prefer to let your mind's eye rove back to Cleopatra, or Mary Stuart, or Catherine the Great, or Nell Gwyn, or Ninon—all those grand girls who made history hiss. They kept the home fires burning, all right—in more than one home; and they didn't sit by one fire very long, either—they were too busy kindling others. Their date books were in as many volumes as the Encyclopedia Britannica. They were great, great girls. Lily Langtry is remembered today because legend says she slipped a piece of ice down a king's back. There's many a slip where charmers are concerned.

Some girls are born colorful. But if you aren't one of the lucky few, don't be discouraged. Cleopatra wasn't born colorful, either. She had to acquire it. She was born just a nice, quiet little home-body. Her one ambition was to be a good wife and mother. But Julius Caesar had other plans. He had had enough of home girls back home. Cleo was his slave. She had met her lord and master and he knew what he wanted. So she left her comfortable couch and went in for making history. (*Cont. on page* 79)

Lois Wilson



¶ *Lois began at the top and has held her place.*



¶ *Lois Wilson in a bathing-suit unveils the mystery of 'The Covered Wagon.'*

¶ *She Starts Out Across the Talking Picture Plains, Leading the Way.*

Lois Wilson's first success was a flop. Her success was in winning one of those ridiculous beauty contests. Her flop was in trying to cash in on it. Incidentally, it might be mentioned, the winning of these newspaper beauty contests is not determined by the contestant's beauty, but by the number of subscriptions turned in. A girl with a face like a prune soufflée will win over a Betty Bronson or a Janet Gaynor if her friends and family turn in four or five billion votes.

Lois Wilson, however, had both beauty and votes, and was Alabama's choice in the great state contest held many years ago. Coming to California, along with 'Miss Iowa,' 'Miss Mississippi' and other geographical 'Misses,' she arrived at Universal City to enter the final contest for screen stardom. But being a girl with the modest beauty of a Mona Lisa, she had about as much chance of attracting attention in that gum-chewing congress of newspaper pulchritude as a violet in a poppy show. For Lois was 'an old-fashioned girl' in hopeless competition with the so-called beauty standards of the day — baby-doll jazzbeaus with putty faces, pouting lips, and pin heads thatched with blonde shavings.

For a week or more the Belle of Birmingham wandered about on the Universal lot unphotographed and ignored. Then realizing the incongruity of her victory the well-bred young lady quietly, but decisively, hopped aboard a train and beat it back to where her kind of beauty was still in vogue. Back to the backward South!

Thus might the comedy have ended. But Fate intervened. Stopping off in Chicago to visit friends she happened along just as Lois Weber, Universal's famous woman director, was shooting a picture. The

STILL *the Pioneer Girl*

By Rob Wagner



¶ *Lois and J. Warren Kerrigan in* 'The Covered Wagon' — *the first 'Epic' film.*

friends laughingly told Miss Weber about Lois's amusing adventure in Movieland, but the well-known maker of stars couldn't see the joke. On the contrary she saw what Alabama had seen, and straightway offered the little convent-mannered maid a job at twenty-five dollars a week.

Then came the real joke. After some forty states had suffered the humiliation of seeing their candy-faced beauties blow up before the camera and return to their home-town cafeterias, who should turn up at Universal but Miss Alabama, now a full-fledged 'movie actress,' sponsored by the greatest woman director in the world.

Lois Weber, however, was merely one woman in a great organization of gentlemen. And you know the kind of girls 'gentlemen' prefer.

Thus, for several years, excepting for the attentions of her fairy godmother, Lois Wilson was simply lost in the crowd of the biggest lot in Movieland. Finally she got a job at Famous Players playing with Wally Reid just as that fine and handsome boy's fame was at its height. The association was most fortunate, for the fans began to think Lois must be a peach of a girl if their god-like hero could love her so in many pictures. Then (*Cont. on page* 84)

¶ *Edward Everett Horton and Lois Wilson in the Talker they made for Warner Brothers*—'Miss Information.'

"You Gotta have

¶ *"Not necessarily," answers Ronald Colman*



¶ *William Haines and Anita Page in 'Telling the World.' Bill has been cast with many new leading ladies. They learned about necking from him.*



¶ *Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky have been lovers in five pictures and the more they love the better they love.*

¶ *Love Making is the Tribute You Pay to Your Ideals.*

a Fresh "GIRL"



¶ *Billy Haines with Josephine Dunn in 'Excess Baggage.' If this be acting—bravo, bravo!*



¶ *William Haines and Joan Crawford in 'Spring Fever.' Is the first kiss strictly impersonal?*



¶ *William Haines and Marion Davies in 'Show People.' A new player in the cast is a challenge to every other artist.*

¶ *Mary Brian and a Haines hug in 'Brown of Harvard'—so much for college education.*



¶ *Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in 'The Night of Love.' It is a player's business to stay in character. All art is achieved by the soul forever solitary.*

WITHIN every man is an ideal of womanhood, a wonderful creation that he worships in his own fashion. In pictures, the actor grows less if he loses the vision of this ideal and becomes conscious of the luscious snare and charms of one particular girl. The true actor is impersonal. Sir Henry Irving once said: "If the actor's tears are real, so much less is he the actor."

Ronald Colman will play with Lily Damita in his next picture. Will the change in leading ladies disturb this great actor? Will he become less the gallant knight without the distinguished beauty of Vilma Banky for his inspiration?

The lion mates but once. He is known as the King of Beasts and perhaps it is his steadfast heart that has raised him to the dignity of this title.

Vilma Banky is making *The Awakening*. Her lush loveliness will be as appealing even though Colman is far away; for women were ever fair and false. The word *flirt* is feminine gender!

We would like to think that for every man there is one woman who cannot be lied to—who receives only kisses inspired by sincerity. In our thoughts she is a splendid creature, beyond any man At least, beyond all but one.

Lupino



¶ *Lupino Lane, the famous comedian, offers you his radio set.*

LUPINO LANE, who makes those delightful Educational Comedies, is of the famous English family whose members have been on the stage since the fifteenth century. From father to son the art of pantomime has been handed down—so you see it is a gift.

And speaking of gifts—Lupino Lane has given SCREENLAND'S Contest Department this magnificent alternating current radio set, in order that your letters may show him your feeling about Talking Pictures. It is a beautiful Kolster set and works from the house current without batteries. If the winner's home is not on an alternating current supply a battery set of equal value will be sent.

With this radio set in your home and talking movies at the neighborhood theatre life for you will be happy indeed, and your pathway will be the Lupino Lane that hath no turning.

¶ *This is the prize Radio Set. It is a Kolster Console Model, operating from a lamp socket, alternating current, of course. Height, 51⅝ inches; width 27 inches.*

Lane

Offers You His

Radio Set

FOR A LETTER



¶ *Just a touch between comedy and tragedy, in radio as in life, says the former Follies comedian, Lupino Lane.*



¶ *Curled up with a good book, Lupino Lane finds the radio more interesting company.*

¶ *All the world is enthusiastic today over Talking Pictures. Are they just a curiosity; or in your opinion will ALL pictures in the future be Talkers? The best answer wins the Radio Set.*

STATE briefly your convictions upon this important question. The best answer—that is, the clearest, shortest, and most interesting letter — will be awarded the prize. This radio set or a battery set of equal value will be sent to the winner.

Lupino Lane is very anxious to hear just what the opinion of the theatre-goers is in order that he may combine sound with his next Educational Comedy if the replies advise it.

The Kolster set is regularly sold for $250 and the tubes would cost $27 extra. Therefore the value of this prize is $277 and merits your attention.

Address—LUPINO LANE
SCREENLAND'S Contest Department
49 West 45th Street
New York City

Contest closes October 10, 1928

Out *of the* SILENCE

¶ *The Talkers have changed everything in the picture business. Stars have new opportunities, cameramen have new mechanisms, and every day something happens.*

At last it has come. A revolution in Hollywood. Talking Pictures!

You have to hand it to Warner Brothers for sensing the possibilities of sound and putting their money on it. They alone had the vision. Whatever their artistic crimes have been you have to hand it to them for their courage in this.

Many other producers had the same chance. Every one of them closed their eyes to it, determined to turn over for another snooze.

Every one but one. Mr. Fox is not far behind Warner Brothers now that the storm has burst over Hollywood, and is several laps ahead of the other producers.

The crisis came so few months ago that it could almost be counted as weeks, when Warner Brothers had two dramatic talking features on Broadway at the same time and Fox had several Movietone newsreels. The line forming to the right was longest at the theatres showing talkers. It was a startling sight, for the producers who had tucked their heads under the pillows for that last snooze, laughing softly to themselves at Warner Brothers for getting up so early. They looked over their box office receipts and then came convention week.

The theatre managers had the same experience to relate no matter from what part of the country they came. The few—about 300—managers who had installed sound device equipment were in clover—the managers who had it not wrung their hands while the crowd surged by to the other theatre. Several theatres that had been consistently losing money put in sound device installations and immediately played to steady capacity.

So that now, on every motion picture lot in Hollywood there is seething activity. Wheelbarrows dodge engineers, electricians, masons, glass-blowers and curious actors. Everyone spinning in frantic circles; object—completion.

In the executive offices the same pandemonium reigns. Plans for improvement change so rapidly that in most places they can't get a statement to the press because before the copy could reach the newspaper office it would be out of date. That is an actual fact. I am now waiting



¶ *A complete Movietone recorder and camera. Lois Moran is singing, and she has a voice, you know. June Collyer and George O'Brien watch the 'mike.' The camera is motor-driven. Lois' song is photographed on the film.*

OR *What* Hollywood is doing about *Talking Films*

By *Helen Ludlam*



¶ *Charles Rogers and Lane Chandler discuss recording. You do not talk at the 'mike' but across it.*

for a final statement from Paramount having had two already and by the time this story is in print vast changes will have taken place in Paramount's plans.

Like a record day on the floor of the stock exchange, producers are wildly signing up authors, directors and actors from the stage, without too much discrimination. It is a great day, too, for a good many actors with stage experience who have had difficulty in crashing the picture gate. Their experience is now gold in the hands of the producers and their break has come at last.

Actors who thought big money was no longer for them have a better place in the sun than ever. Lionel Barrymore signed a very attractive long-term contract with M. G. M. George Fawcett, Richard Bennett, Robert Edeson, Gladys Brockwell and several others are now in demand at far higher salaries than they have recently had.



¶ *Charles Christie, Douglas MacLean, Harold Lloyd and Ben Lyon learning about* sound, *the new medium that will make pictures better than ever.*



¶ *Mary Brian is so new at the Talkers that she looks at the microphone.*

And now for the specific thing each studio is doing.

Paramount Famous Lasky is taking the epidemic seriously and in some instances cautiously. Their first step was to appoint Roy Pomeroy, called the Marconi of the Movies, who was responsible for the sound effects in *Wings*, technical director of all synchronization. With the aid of Western Electric engineers he has been able accurately and mathematically to apply sound to a workable basis. Their next step was to invite Robert Milton, one of New York's finest stage directors, to take charge of the voice building and dramatic action.

They have built a sound-proof stage which is adequate for their present needs and between forty and fifty pictures during the coming year will have sound effects, synchronized musical accompaniments and episodic dialogue.

When it was found that a modern concrete sound-proof stage would cost in the neighborhood of $500,000. Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor checked the riotous current of their thoughts and turned to cold logic. "Look here," said Mr. Zukor to Mr. Lasky, "with new developments and inventions coming in every day, the last word in a sound-proof stage built today would, in six months, be crude. Let's build a temporary stage now and when things are further (*Continued on page* 76)

In New York



Photograph by Brown Brothers

¶ *Lya de Putti with New York at her feet — a bit of continental charm with rolled stockings a la Hollywood.*

FOR the sake of *Variety* we have with us Lya de Putti. Lya is zo hepp-ee. She says so herself. Nev-aire hez she been zo hepp-ee in Amerika. That's fine. She deserves it. Lya de Putti is a swell kid, and she hasn't had any too much fun in this free country of ours. The trouble is, the country isn't so free when it comes to Lya. We got her over here and then proceeded to try to brush the bloom off her continental freshness. De Putti was famous for her special brand of screen seduction, but the American movie directors didn't understand her. Griffith's *Sorrows of Satan* turned out to be the Sorrows of Lya. She almost went back home after seeing herself in this film. Fortunately she isn't a quitter. She knew that if she could ever make herself understood over here she would be right back where her sensational performance in *Variety* put her —at the top of the ladder. So—she stayed. And now she is glad she did.



¶ *George K. Arthur sends greetings from Europe. He'll be home soon.*

Alan Crosland, who directed John Barrymore's *Don Juan,* has made up to Lya for all she has suffered at the megaphones of other directors. He has made a Columbia picture called *The Scarlet Lady,* with the little Hungarian Rhapsody in a double role. It lives up to its title, I'm told; and it looks as if Lya will once more burn up our screens. She plays 'good girl, bad girl'; and everybody will be zo hepp-ee!

¶ *They Cast Their Shadows Before Them on the Broadway Screens ---Then the Stars Come to Town in Person, Welcome Visitors.*

By Anne Bye

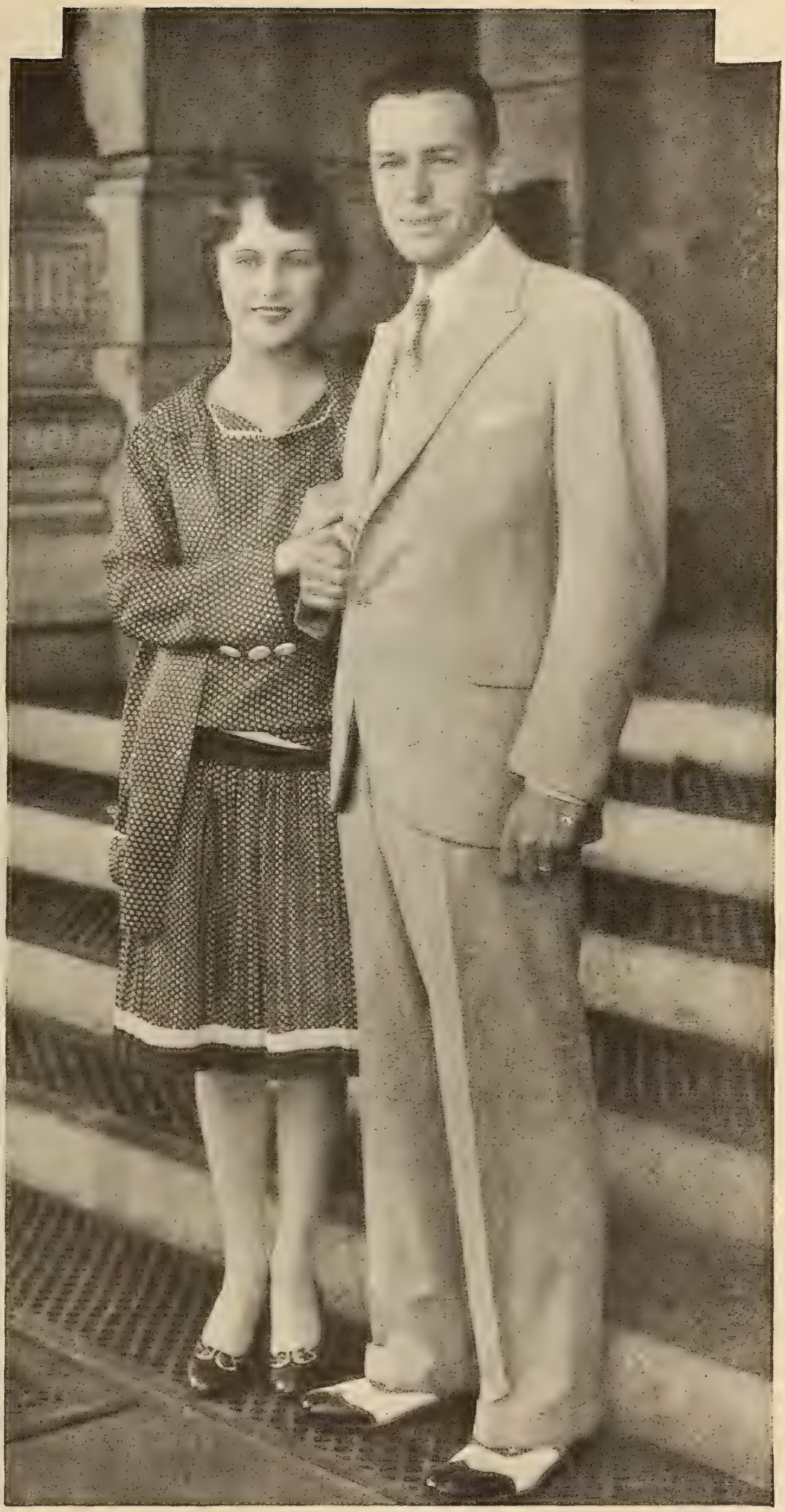
Lovely Lya brought the bare-legged mode from Hollywood to New York. And you should have seen blase New York sit up! Lya looks all of fifteen in her little white sports suit, her bare legs, rolled stockings, and sneakers. She went to a select and highbrow literary tea and met all the well-known writers of the town and they all fell. Lya surprised them by exhibiting a more than superficial knowledge of books. She knows her continental classics. She's one movie star in whose apartment you will find well-read books, not stacks of fan magazines—except SCREENLAND, of course.

She is a vital little thing who lives every minute. Her great dark eyes sparkle and snap with laughter one minute, and brim with tears the next. Her slim nervous hands gesture expressively. She is never still. No wonder she is learning to fly. She is up in the clouds most of the time anyway. She will have earned her pilot's license by the time you read this and will, as far as I know, be the first movie actress to fly alone. Not that she will be allowed to go up alone very often. There is a long waiting list. Next to flying she likes tennis best. I'm afraid this far-famed foreign star is as wholesome as some of our own corn-fed ingenues—maybe even a little more so.

* * *

When you meet Gilda Gray, don't say 'Hey, Hey.' That's old stuff to Gilda. She is not hey-heying this season. She is a full-fledged dramatic actress now, and doesn't expect to confine her activities to shaking those mean hips by any means. Gilda is going mildly British—for fifteen weeks, anyway. She has signed a contract to do a picture in London for the British International Pictures, what ho. Its name is *Piccadilly,* don't you know; by Arnold Bennett, no less. What, what!

(*Continued on page* 90)



¶ *Fay Wray and her leading man in her own real-life production of The Wedding March. Fay's husband is John Monk Saunders, who wrote 'Wings.' They honeymooned in New York.*

On the LOCATION TRIPS *of the* PICTURE MAKERS

By *Helen Ludlam*

SCREENLAND'S LOCATION LADY

"EDMUND Lowe will call for you at ten minutes past eight tomorrow morning to take you to the Chatsworth location."

This exciting message was waiting for me when I returned from the luncheon given by First National to Mayor Jimmie Walker.

"Good enough," I thought, and began pulling out my old clothes, for I had heard the location was rough and when they admit it, it usually is.

Ten minutes past eight found me down in the lobby all set and rarin' to go, because morning light is precious in the picture business and I didn't want to delay the troupe even by a minute. However, my virtue was rewarded by the necessity for patience, as virtue so often is, for ten minutes past eight came and went while I panted on the doormat. At nine o'clock a vision appeared in the doorway. With my eyes and mouth wide open I took in the brown suede doublet, outlandish green and white woolen socks which left the knees bare, and funny shoes. But what slayed me was the hat—a queer-looking little thing not half large enough for the wearer's head with a cocky white feather stuck on one side.

This apparition was Edmund Lowe!

"For heaven's sake, what are you made up for?" I asked as soon as I could get my breath, while Mr. Lowe bowed me into his car, "I didn't know this was a costume picture."



Edmund Lowe, Lucian Littlefield and other members of the 'Making the Grade' *company travelled thirty miles from Hollywood to a wild rocky spot two thousand feet up in the mountains.*

"It isn't," Eddie laughed. "I'm supposed to be a four-flusher who has to make good with his girl by making a record climb. He thinks the proper clothes, or his idea of them, will help him make the grade—the name of the picture, by the way, is *Making the Grade*—hence the feather. The feather," Mr. Lowe added with great dignity, "is *most* important."

In the car with us was Lucian Littlefield whom you hated as Marks the lawyer in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, but who is really a very kindly person, and there was also Harry Brand, who, with Edward Kaufman, adapted George Ade's story.

Driving through the orange country for about thirty miles we reached the mountains on the opposite side of the valley and began climbing. Up, up, up we went, nearly two thousand feet to the wildest, rockiest spot imaginable. California, as an old negro driver said of Panama, has everything. In a day's journey you can reach any kind of scenery you want.

This location was supposed to be in the heart of the highest mountains and it would certainly fool you. There were boulders of every kind, summit after summit. Several of them had been split by time as though the entire place had, thousands of years ago, been under water and worn by dashing waves. Yet not 500 yards below this wild and desolate spot where nothing grew but sage and very little



An old sailing vessel was chartered by the movies for the ship scenes in "The Singapore Mutiny"—and photographed like a million dollars! Here is a scene in the hold of the ship, with Estelle Taylor teasing Director-actor Ralph Ince.

of that, was a fertile farm laid out in fig orchards, the fruit of which was not, alas, ripe.

In a little clearing between two of the pinnacles the road ended and ours was the last of about a baker's dozen of cars which had brought the director, Al Green, and his staff numbering about thirty men.

When you realize that only two of the cast were working that day and that it required thirty men to handle the necessary location equipment the cost of pictures is not to be wondered at.



Here are Director Frank Strayer, Ruth Elder, leading lady, Brigadier-General Dion Williams, Base Commander, Richard Dix, and author Linton Wells, at the Marine Base at San Diego, California—the location for the Richard Dix picture, "Moran of the Marines."

I climbed out of the car and admired the scenery while Mr. Lowe put the finishing touches to his make-up.

Way in the distance was a sheet of water, a reservoir I was told, which caught the sun like a mirror. Far, far below stretched mile on mile of orange, nut and apricot groves. And the scent of a million flowers and shrubs was in the air.

The first shot was of Lucian Littlefield. We climbed to the topmost boulder off of which Mr. Littlefield was supposed to jump. Caught between the devil and the deep the poor man, Eddie's valet in the story, preferred to jump into space rather than be eaten by a bear. Oh, yes, there was a bear. Indeed there *was*. John Brown, the most famous bear in pictures. There he was snoozing under a sage bush in the shade of a boulder. He didn't look so big.

"Well, just wait until he unfolds," said Eddie, "If you think he is a medium-sized bear you'll change your mind. I did."

It seems that the day before a shot had been taken of Eddie and the bear on a part of the rock where he had Eddie cornered. All went well until John began to get playful. He surged from side to side with the peculiar rolling motion bears have; his (*Continued on page* 94)

The HELLO



¶ *When a Traveller Returns to Hollywood, They Throw a Party for him.*

¶ *Viola Dana, who is welcome on any screen, gives the greeting sign of the picture clan.*

¶ *Phyllis Haver came back from her New York vacation prettier and peppier than ever.*

Photo by Kendall Evans

"In some circles a party is a huge event, to be planned on for weeks ahead and never forgotten afterward, and it must be given for some solemn thing like an engagement announcement, or because your father has just returned safe from a long trip to the cannibal isles, or something like that, but in Hollywood, a great, big, elaborated party is likely to be given on a moment's notice, and just for—er—" remarked Patsy.

"Just to show there's no hard feeling, for instance," I suggested.

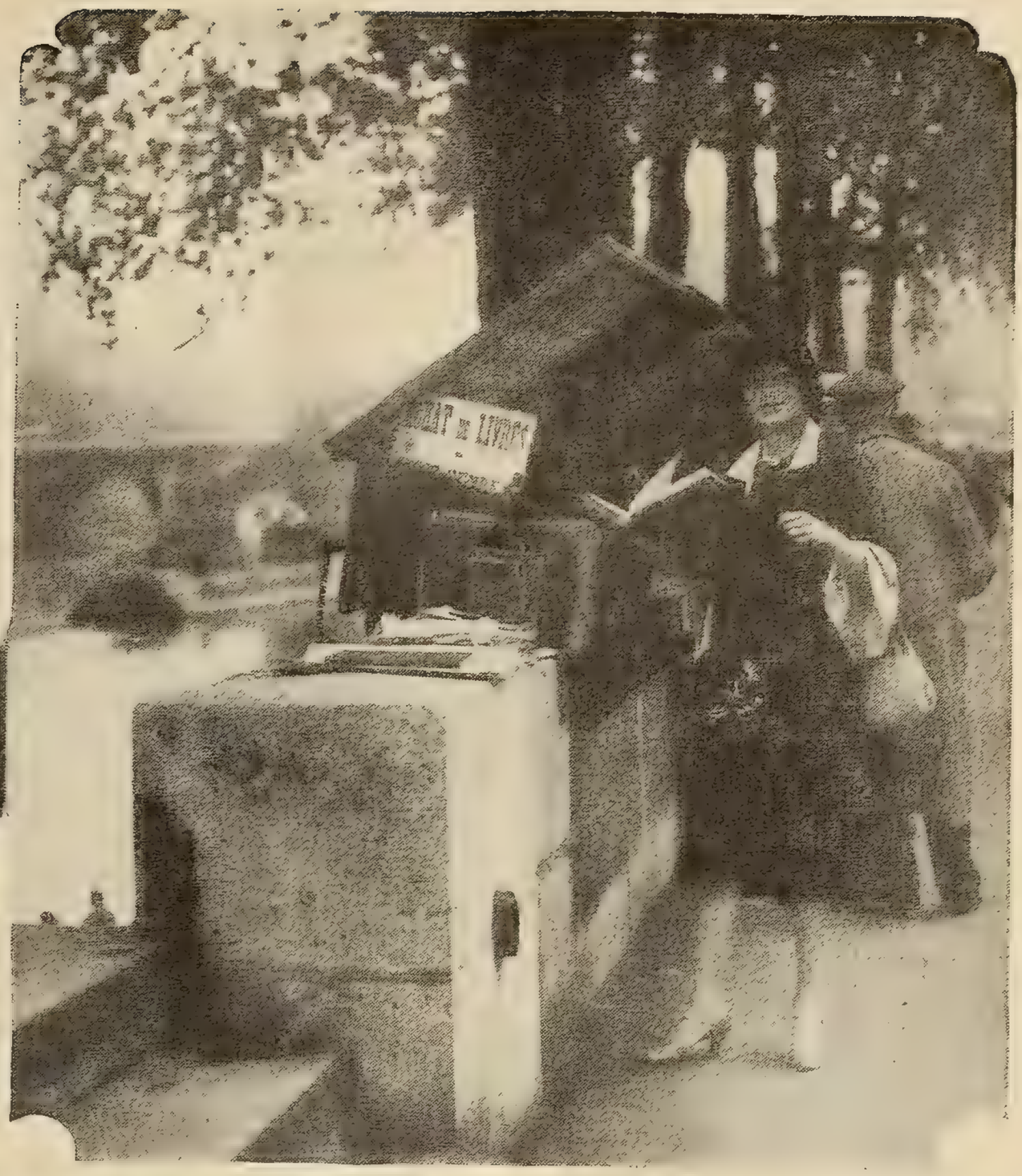
"Exactly," Patsy concurred. "But I do think it's awfully nice, just the same, to give Jane Winton, who has just been in Europe, and Priscilla Dean, who has been out a whole year in vaudeville, a hello party now that they have come home. The fatted calf—but not too fat a calf—horrors and heavens, no!—is to be killed for them over at the Roosevelt Hotel, and Claire Windsor and Peggy Hamilton"—Peggy creates styles for Hollywood actresses—"are to be our hostesses."

We found Claire there chatting with Patsy Ruth Miller and Don and Ann Alvarado, when we arrived, while Peggy rushed about looking after the flowers for the table, and greeting those guests who strayed in at the wrong door. Don soon faded away, because the party was to be 'a rosebud garden of girls.'

The crowd gathered first in the beautiful big patio, where the fountain plays musically amid the coolth of the mission arches, and presently appeared Priscilla Dean, the first guest of honor to arrive. She looked awfully well, though she said she was tired from her long siege of playing the three-a-day. She told

Parties of Pictureville

By Grace Kingsley



¶ *Jane Winton at the book-stalls along the Seine in Paris.*



¶ *Lina Basquette was formerly premiere danseuse of the Follies.*

¶ *Virginia Valli — unique in charm before the camera, before midnight or before breakfast.*
Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser



¶ *Molly O'Day has an Irish bloom that makes her popular at parties.*

us that the regular vaudeville folk didn't like very well the idea of the picture stars entering their preserves; but she said she would like to write a story about them, they are so human and colorful and amusing—that she loved the way they washed their clothes and cooked and ate and fairly lived in their dressing-rooms, and that she had made some good friends among them. Priscilla is going to have a nice vacation before she even thinks of going back to work, and says that if she goes back into vaudeville she will go as a single, because it is easier than having a company of five people, as she did

Mae Busch arrived just then. Mae is going into vaudeville, too, with a very dramatic act called *Capital Punishment,* written by Adele Rogers St. Johns.

Priscilla is interested in the talkers, too, and probably will do some for the screen. She said that Viola Dana was in vaudeville, too—that she had seen her, and that little Vi, so used to the outdoor life of pictures and athletics when she was in California, wasn't at all keen on vaudeville, in which one fairly lives in the theater.

"Oh, there's Mary McAllister! She should be a guest of honor, too," remarked Patsy. "She has just returned from Honolulu."

Mary declared she had had such a good time in Honolulu, that she and a girl friend who had traveled over there with her had packed

a couple of suit-cases full of clothes, in order, through a made-to-order accident to their taxi, to miss the home-bound boat; but she said they had got cold feet at the last minute, and had come home.

Just then arrived Jane Winton, looking chic in her Paris clothes, but very quietly dressed, at that, as is the fashion over there now.

She told us that she had had a perfectly thrilling time in London, Paris and Venice, and that she had been at two or three parties attended by the Prince of Wales.

"Indeed, we collided on the dance floor," she explained.

"Well, that may have been an accident on the Prince's part," remarked Loris Fox, "but I'll bet Jane never did anything clumsy accidentally."

Then Jane told us about the Italian count who had näively invited her to divorce her awfully nice husband, Charles Kenyon, and marry himself. She said she had told her husband about it, too.

"Speaking of travelers—" broke in Pauline Starke, who was looking awfully sweet in a green and white summer dress, as she indicated two young cyclones who entered just then. They were Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day. They were followed closely and demurely by Isabel O'Neil, their sister. Sally wore a flaming red dress and had arrived in a bright green car, but Molly and Isabel both wore black in the New York manner.

"I don't care," explained Sally, "I don't believe in following New York slavishly, in regard to the fashions. Here we are in California, a semi-tropic place, and why shouldn't we just set our own fashions?"

A whole bunch of girls came in then, including Jackie Saunders, who used to be a star, and who is going back into pictures, although she is married; Ruth Clifford, Corliss Palmer, Joy Auburn and a lot of others, and we all sat down to lunch.

Jane Winton was quite near me, and she told me how sad she had been made during her trip by the tragic death of an aviator friend, with whom she had flown a lot while in Paris, when his plane crashed. He was Frounval, the world's most famous acrobatic flier.

Jane said that at any rate she was very happy to be at home once more.

"And now," sighed Jane, "nothing stands between me and work!"

"Nobody would mind giving a party for one's dad and mother if one could invite all one's admirers," remarked Patsy cryptically. I found out that she was referring to a party which June Collyer was giving to celebrate the 25th wedding anniversary of her father and mother. June's mother has been staying in California with her daughter during the past several weeks, but her dad is a New York lawyer, and so he remains at home to attend to his business. However, he and her brother Dick, who is a college boy at Williams, came to California just for this party.

We found June in her pretty bungalow, awaiting the coming of her mother's and father's guests, who included, as I said before, all her young picture friends and admirers. June's father and mother themselves appeared almost at once, and we found them most charming people.

The first arrivals were all directors, as it happened—Allan Dwan, who brought his wife, Jack Ford and Mrs. Ford, Raoul Walsh and Lew Seiler.

Richard Barthelmess broke the director crash, however, when he arrived with his wife; and soon Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, and Johnny Hines made their appearance.

Then Virginia Valli came with Charlie Farrell, and Lina Basquette came escorted by Peverell Marley. Peverell used to be Cecil B. De Mille's cameraman, but is graduating to the director class, we hear.

Pauline Garon came alone, but nobody could possibly feel sorry for her on that account, because she was almost at once surrounded by admirers, with herself turning collegiate in honor of June's charming brother.

We hear, by the way, that Pauline's ex-husband, Lowell Sherman, is engaged to Ann Rork; but when we asked Ann about it, she declared she thought Lowell the most brilliant man she ever knew, and that he made most other men look like dumb-bells, but as for wedding—well, that would be more than a year off, wouldn't it—and how could one tell a whole year ahead? However, everybody knows that the two are much devoted, and they go about together all the time. They dance together beautifully, and are a handsome couple, Ann tall and slenderly round, and Lowell taller yet, with his superb figure.

Any number of June's bachelor friends were there, including Walter Pidgeon, Holmes Herbert, Dal Squires, Howard Sheehan, Eddie Grainger, George O'Brien and Larry Kent.

By the way, we thought at one time that a romance had quite jelled between George O'Brien and Olive Borden, but we haven't heard anything about it lately, and he seemed quite attentive to June the evening of the party.

"But that's nothing really," Patsy remarked. "George is just naturally a gallant Irishman."

We found out that June's brother and dad were both musicians, and June's brother played the piano, and then accompanied Walter Pidgeon in some songs.

Margaret Mann came just in time to take part in a game of bridge, in which she proved herself a very shrewd player.

Johnny Hines introduced a funny horse-racing game, and it looked for a while as though the neighbors would be justified in complaining, it is such a noisy, gay game, but no such terrible thing happened.

Then Lina Basquette and Peverell Marley danced a new breed of Varsity Drag for us, and everybody had a gay and happy time.

At supper everybody drank the health of June's father and mother, whose name, I forgot to tell you, is Heermance; and then Jack Ford proposed June's health with the hope that he might dance at her wedding.

Whereat we thought—maybe we only imagined, but we thought—that George O'Brien looked very wistfully at June.

"Well, I think a fashion show at the beach, with some of the picture actresses modelling gowns just for fun, will really be fun!" exclaimed Patsy. (*Continued on page 80*)

THE Mack Truck offered by Big Boy has been shipped from the Educational Studios in Hollywood, California, to

WILLIAM HENNESSY
Alice, Texas

His letter to Big Boy was adjudged the clearest, neatest, and most interesting of the hundreds submitted by small boys and girls.



JAMES HALL is making the most of his role opposite Clara Bow in *The Fleet's In*—as what young man would not?

Photograph by Gene Robert Richee



JOAN CRAWFORD once was known for her resemblance to Pauline Frederick; now she is famous for being herself.

Photograph by Ruth Harriet Louise

HEY HEY

¶ *Where Does the Jazz Girl Go From Here?*



Joan Crawford NOW

¶ *Joan of the expressive eyes—eyes which hold potentialities for tragedy or joy.*

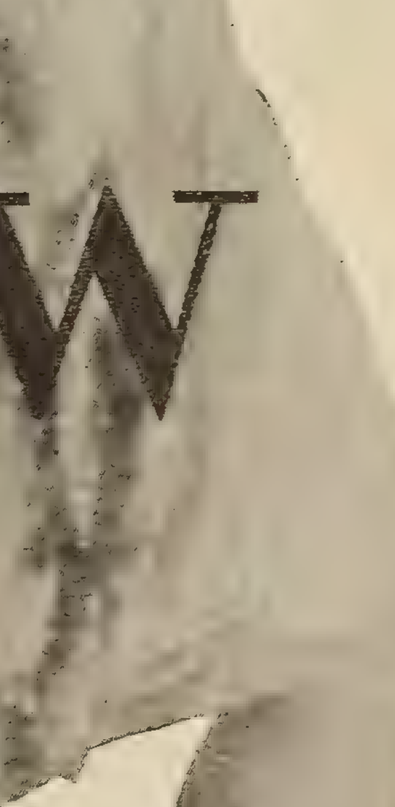
By Margaret Reid

HOLLYWOOD has known two distinctly different people, both appearing under the name and behind the physiognomy of Joan Crawford. Three years have wrought an amazing change—much more than is usual in the process of growing up from eighteen to twenty-one. Practically nothing of the first Joan remains. The memory of her has already a legendary quality. It lingers faintly along the night-clubs and cafes and those habitues whose idol she was.

Three years ago Lucille LeSeuer was brought to Hollywood by Harry Rapf, and christened Joan Crawford for picture purposes. Her back- (Cont. on page 88)



¶ *The Crawford smile that is at once mocking and sympathetic.*



¶ *Joan, the Jazz Baby of the Hollywood night clubs — craving excitement and usually making it herself.*

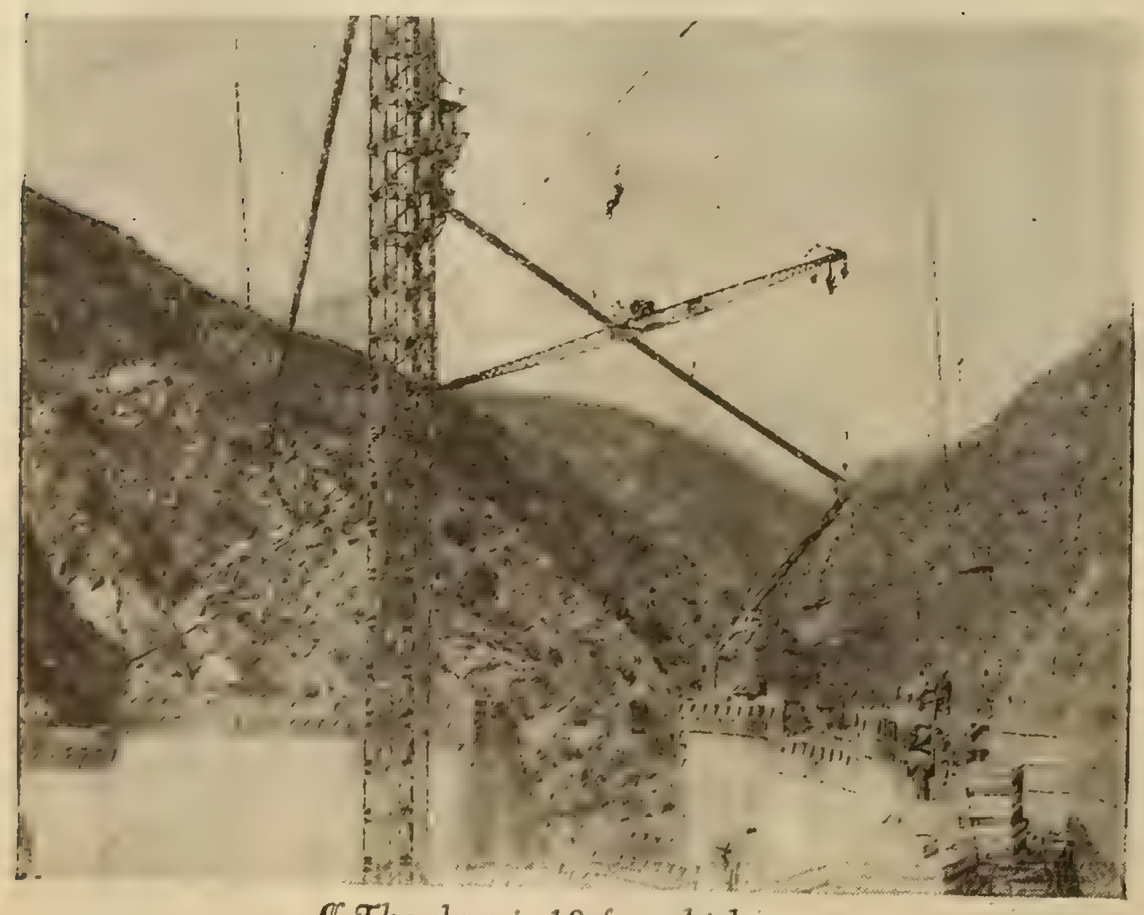
Shooting a DAM Picture

By Clarence
W. D. *Slifer*
Assistant Cameraman



¶ *Here are William Boyd, whose hand is on Clarence Slifer, assistant cameraman; Howard Higgin, director, above; Pev Marley, cameraman, in 'skip,' and, directly below him, Alan Hale.*

¶ *Pev Marley and his staff get a little 'high' art at Pocoima Dam for* 'POWER.'



¶ *The dam is 10 feet thick at the top and 120 feet thick at the base.*

"MAN, we got a real one to shoot this time," one of the boys remarked.

"Yeh, what's it?"

"*Power,* with Bill Boyd and Alan Hale and Jackie Logan," said the informant. "Another high one like *Skyscraper.*"

The boys, Bill and Alan, made a big click with that picture so the powers that be decided to co-star them again. As we all remembered *Skyscraper* and what it was to photograph, we crowded about our informant and plied him with questions.

"How do I know what it's like, I haven't even seen the script," he answered, "but I heard (another Hollywood rumor) that we are going up to the Pocoima Dam to shoot it."

"What! Pocoima Dam?" we queried. The St. Francis dam disaster was still fresh in our minds.

"Yeh, they're almost finished building the dam up there and the government stopped them while they inspect it," was the reply. "Meanwhile we got to go up there and do our stuff."

Dam? Pocoima Dam? Thoughts were turning over in our minds. Wonder if it's high? How much water is



Howard Higgin directing 'Power' and Pev Marley at the camera in the 'skip' 800 feet up.

NOTICE TO ALL DEPARTMENTS

The production 3-15, *Power*, will start, etc.

The staff will be as follows:

HOWARD HIGGIN,
Director

ROBERT FELLOWS,
Asst. Director

PEV MARLEY,
Cameraman

EDDIE TRICKLE,
Props.

HARRY POPPE,
Production Manager

The shooting schedule is 23 days. All work at the dam subject to cancellation if high winds or rain prevails. Weather protection sets provided. Etc. (*Cont. on page 98*)

in it? Getting more and more curious we swamped our informant with questions.

"Aw, go on, I tell you, I don't know much about it. Don't you ever read the papers? Why don't you treat yourself some time? Why, Pocoima Dam is the highest dam in the world. They have been working four years on it, and it ain't finished yet."

Having secured all of the information possible out of our informant we wandered over to the bulletin board to see if a starting notice had been posted yet. Sure enough, there was the usual pink starting notice.



Bill Boyd and Alan Hale, who played in 'Skyscraper,' again team up in 'Power.'



The Pocoima Dam location in San Fernando Valley, California.

FALL FROCKS FOR *June Collyer*





¶ *Miss Collyer wears this smartly simple hat of brown with a frock of brown and beige check transparent velvet.*



¶ *Especially posed for* SCREENLAND *by June Collyer, wearing gowns from Saks—Fifth Avenue, New York.*

HERE'S something about this season of the year that goes to one's head. It seems impossible to make old moods and old clothes last a moment longer. There's that Fall tang in the air—promising football games, and fur coats, and pleasant parties, and all sorts of nice things. No resisting it—who wants to? The Smart Girl begins to rush around about this time and collect new gowns, and new ideas — and, automatically, brand-new beaux. If you have June Collyer's good taste in frocks you are bound to have a good time. Incidentally transparent velvet is still a best-seller.

¶ *An unusual note in evening gowns is sounded in this creation of black transparent velvet which features the down-in-back hemline and — very new! — a plaited skirt.*

Photographs by
Gábor Eder.
N. Y.



¶ *Almost important enough for informal home dinners is this interesting negligee worn by June Collyer —of flesh-colored chiffon and ecru lace. Note the mules with the heel strap.*



¶ *An exquisite evening ensemble is shown here by Miss Collyer. The frock, of metallic brocade in gorgeous colors, has a matching wrap luxuriously collared with soft blue fox fur.*

DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS



¶ Greta Garbo makes us feel as good as she looks

¶ *Sugar and Spies*

The Mysterious *LADY*

YOU'LL have to go a long way—to Sweden, probably — before you'll find another girl like Greta Garbo. And even then, I doubt it. Greta is what you mean when you say Girl. She is all girl and all girls—retaining the best features of each. In *The Mysterious Lady* she is at her very best. Need I say more? No, but I will.

Fred Niblo is at his best, too. It must be the Garbo influence. He has directed a most absorbing picture from an old-fashioned story about a Russian spy and her Austrian officer-boy friend. She plies her wiles, he responds, she steals his papers, he sulks—and the consequences are court-martial—but well worth it. Because the beautiful Russian falls for the officer in earnest, and any punishment is pleasant for the sake of such a reward. She dedicates herself henceforth to her lover's cause instead of her country's, much to the disapproval of her big boss, played by Gustaf von Seffertitz in his usual masterly manner. He loves her, too; he has good taste but a bad temper; and you know what happens to big boys with bad tempers. You don't? See the picture. The lovers leave Russia for a new land. Somebody ought to write a movie story in which the lovers decide to stay in Russia for the finale, just for the change—and the caviar. Conrad Nagel is the male attraction in this little game of 'I spy.' A different Conrad—a handsome, husky he-boy with that something in his eyes, to match Greta's. You're going to fall for Conrad in *The Mysterious Lady*. I'll catch you. What a charmer Greta is, anyway. After watching her in a picture every girl emerges a Venus and every man imagines himself an Adonis. She makes us feel as good as she looks. And behold the one woman in the movies who doesn't look silly when a ball-roomful of extras gives her a toast. 'To the beautiful Tania!' they cry, and she really *is* beautiful, and you believe it, and you'd drink a toast, too—if you had some of that champagne.



¶ Greta Garbo is at her very best in 'The Mysterious Lady.'

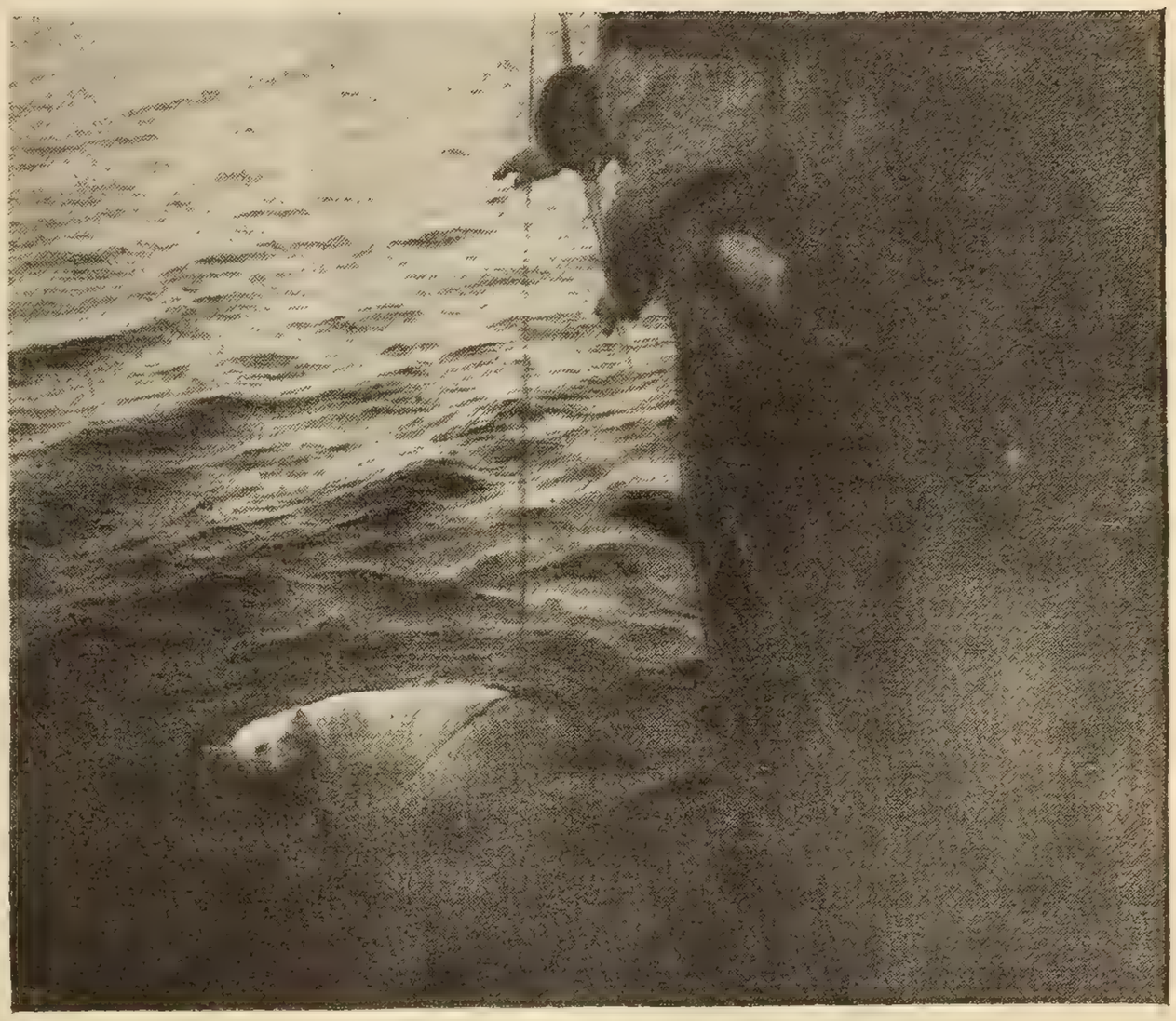
¶ *An exciting, dramatic adventure—all true*

LOST *in the* ARCTIC

¶ *B-r-r-r-r-r Facts*

YOU'LL believe in Santa Claus after seeing *Lost in the Arctic*. You'll believe in anything. Because this picture is an exciting, dramatic adventure—and yet it is all true. It is a great record of Arctic exploration by a father and son named, appropriately enough, Snow. While it is one of those educational-travelogue films, I think you will enjoy it more than many melodramas; and at the same time you will have that smug feeling that you are seeing something that will do you some good.

The stars are all natural actors—the prince of whales, eighty tons of him; Polar (Negri?), a handsome white bear; Mr., Mrs., and all the little Walruses; and the makings of a million seal-skin coats. Only a hard-hearted girl could ever sport seal-skin again after watching these untrained seals at play. (Most girls prefer mink, anyway.) Menace is provided by Old Man Ice. But the serious purpose of this expedition was to solve the mystery of the four missing men of the Stefansson Arctic Expedition of ten years ago. The solving of this mystery is more thrilling than any studio solution you ever saw. *Lost in the Arctic* is a truly valuable contribution to the library of significant films. And at this time when the eyes of the world are focussed on the Arctic it is an amazing experience to be escorted into the land of mysterious ice in comfort—and without getting cold feet.



¶ *The capture of a handsome white polar bear provides one of the thrills of* 'Lost in the Arctic.'

¶ *The biggest noise the underworld has made yet*

THE RACKET

¶ *Hold Your Ears!*

THIS is the biggest noise the underworld has made yet. And it isn't a sound picture, either. Thomas Meighan is billed as the star but don't let him fool you. It is Louis Wolheim's picture. This charming, gentle fellow can always be counted on to provide innocent merriment in the way of arson, mayhem, murder—and just plain fun. As Nick Scarsi he is one of the most lovable men it has ever been my pleasure to meet in an evening among the movies. He is just the sweetest villain of the season—everybody wants scars from Scarsi.

The Racket was a small sensation on Broadway. I believe it is even better as a picture. Tom Meighan as Captain McQuigg is a fighting Irish police captain in a feud with the underworld boss, Nick Scarsi. Each is resolved to 'get' the other. It is a battle to the bitter end. Whose end you'll have to find out. I wouldn't deprive you of the pleasure of seeing who laughs last—whoever shoots first, is the answer. Meighan as McQuigg is better than he has been in a long time. He acts interested, which is practically a confession that he likes his part. Marie Prevost is the only girl. In her blonde wig she is a tough luscious baby. You might almost say this is a picture without a grain of sex appeal—the individual players have plenty but they never distribute it. The action centers around the efforts of two big men to kill each other and romance goes by the board, wherever that is. John Darrow, a handsome newcomer, appears as a cub reporter and for a while there you scent love scenes between him and Marie; but nothing happens. Marie, the minx, swaggers off to new conquests and *The Racket* maintains its originality. Barrett Cormack, the newspaper man who wrote it, knows his oaths and hellions. Wolheim is grand. If you think this isn't the best gosh-darned picture you have seen in months then that proves you are just a blankety-blank-blank-blank. Excuse me if I seem to be getting a little rough. But what can you expect after all these underworld pictures? They are putting ideas into our heads. It's all right with me, and you'd better like it too, you so-and-so's!

¶ *These darned debutantes—I wish they'd grow up!*

OUR *Dancing Daughters*

¶ *Prancing Progeny.*

THIS is the Last Word on that Younger Generation. If we could only depend on that. Its moral apparently is that the wages of sin is Johnny Mack Brown. Two of the Dancing Darlings want him and they both get him. He makes Anita Page miserable and Joan Crawford blissful, while Nils Asther does the same for Dorothy Sebastian. These darned debutantes!

You see Johnny is just an old-fashioned boy from Alabam' who believes that because Joan drinks and kisses and smokes and stomps she must be a bad girl. Now he should have peered beneath the tinsel and uncovered the Real Girl in all her glory. But he didn't, the poor sap. He took Anita at her face value and married her, only to discover that under the glitter she was a sham. That boy needed glasses. Fortunately Eddie Nugent is there to cheer everybody up a little. Eddie does nobly as a young-man-about-picture, gathering laughs and kisses while he may and emerging, on the whole, as an expert and engaging comedian on his very first picture inside the set. He used to rustle props outside. Joan Crawford sports a new bob, and a lot of vivacity to go with it. I like to see Joan as the arrogant alarmer, not as the humble heroine. But now she has risen to heroine heights and I suppose I must expect the best of her. Neither do I like the gowns that the Dancing Trio are made to wear. They look as if they were by Sears-Roebuck out of catalogue. But what a mood I'm in, to be sure! That's what this Younger Generation does to me! I wish they'd grow up.



¶ *Dorothy Sebastian and Joan Crawford—two of the dancing darlings in* 'Our Dancing Daughters.'

¶ *You can't beat Bebe at her best*

HOT NEWS

¶ *Or, Sizzling Scoops.*

HOT NEWS clicks. It is all about the newsreel camera-men, and clicking is their business. It's all very light and breezy—and it can't help being breezy, either, for some of the exciting action takes place on the Goddess of Liberty's head. Somebody should give that little girl a new hat. Bebe Daniels plays the brave little daughter of a newsreel boss. She wants to be a camera-girl. Dad is willing—but his star camera reporter, appointed to teach Bebe the tricks of the trade, can't be bothered, and he is fired—no, he quits. He was an old crank, anyway. So it is up to Bebe to put it over all by herself. And you know Bebe. She scoops her father's former star on every occasion—and adds insult to injury by making him like it and love her. You can't beat Bebe at her best. She is a brunette Marion Davies—or Marion is a blonde Bebe Daniels; it doesn't much matter because the girls are good friends. Director Clarence Badger has injected considerable *esprit* into the proceedings, and there's nothing like a little *esprit* to put a comedy over. The high spot is an acrobatic apache dance between Bebe and boy-friend Neil Hamilton. It has a little to do with the plot and a lot to do with laughs. While Bebe and Neil are falling down on their fandangos their audiences are falling off their chairs in mirth. Besides the lovable star and her nice leading man, there is Paul Lukas, one of those villains you love to hate. He is an artist at pantomime and I would like to make a date to see the next picture he is in, right now. Don't all ask me at once.

¶ *With Ramon Novarro, noblest young Roman-ticist of them all*

FORBIDDEN HOURS

¶ *The Student Prince in Old Hokum.*

YOU'LL like it. Just a long cool drink out of that old hokum bucket—but it has Ramon Novarro at his easy, careless, charming best—the noblest young Roman-ticist of them all. It has Renee Adoree, surely the most delectable French pastry ever concocted. It has rollicking romance—upset canoe, supper for two in lonely lodge, filmy negligee and two little slippers by the fire; smouldering eyes gazing into tearful eyes—and a kiss or two to make up—for everything. Novarro and Adoree are such darlings you will like *Forbidden Hours* whatever you may think of the trivial story. What does a silly thing like an original story matter, anyway, when Renee curls up her cunning mouth and wrinkles her delightful nose, and Ramon puts on his intense look and a most becoming uniform? He plays another young prince—more human than Karl Heinrich—who falls in love with a French girl. He's a spoiled youngster but for the first time in his life he encounters something he can't have. Mlle. Adoree keeps him on tenter-hooks and if you have never been on tenter-hooks yourself you cannot possibly imagine how Ramon feels—until along about the fifth reel Renee and the director relent and let him have his own way.

¶ *No danger of this game being called on account of rain*

WARMING UP

¶ *Play B-a-a-a-a-l-l!*



¶ *Richard Dix and Jean Arthur in the baseball picture,* 'Warming Up.'

"TAKE me out to the ball game! Take me out with the crowd!" Oh, come on. Well, all right, then. If that's the way you feel about it, you don't have to. Who wants to go to an old ball-game anyway, and buck the crowds, and get stepped on, and everything, when she can go into the nearest theatre and find all the fun without any of the usual discomforts? Take along a bag of peanuts and hunt up *Warming Up*. No danger of this game being called on account of rain. You can sit there in your comfortable orchestra chair, or your loge chair, if you choose to be snooty, and sit back and let yourself go. You can even cheer if you want to—and make wise-cracks about the umpire—and your little voice will be lost in the general jumble of sound. *Warming Up* isn't a Talker. Don't get the wrong impression. It's a Yeller. The crowds of baseball fans in the picture howl themselves hoarse. They save you the trouble. None of the principal characters speak, which is just as well, as their voices might be unheard in the din made by the professional noise-makers. It's all a lot of fun.

Richard Dix plays Bee-line, a ball-player who is pretty as a pitcher—and also handsome off the diamond. He's just a rookie when the picture opens and the old-timers make it hard for him; but trust Richard to put it over and win the game for dear old Yale—I mean Yanks. *Warming Up* is one continuous ball-game—as exhilarating and American as it can be. Of course there is a pretty romance running through—can you imagine a Dix picture without kisses? This time Jean Arthur is on the receiving end, and she is one of the most charming young kissees who ever officiated in a Dix film. Jean is winsome; she neither looks nor acts like the regulation movie heroine. She's a Nice Girl—but she has her moments.

¶The First 100% Talker—write that in your memory books

Lights of NEW YORK



¶Mary Carr is the mother and Cullen Landis plays her son in 'Lights of New York.'

SOME day this little picture is going to find itself a museum piece. It will be historical if not hysterical. It is the First One Hundred Percent All-Talker. Write that in your memory-books. One hundred years or so from today your great-great-grand-daughter, the nosey thing, is going to dust off that old 1928 diary and come across: 'Tonight went to see the first Talker. For a new-fangled contraption it ain't—isn't—so bad. But next time I go to one of the durn-fool things I'm going to wear my ear-muffs.'

These Talkers are teaching movie audiences manners. The way the customers at *Lights of New York* hold their breaths is a revelation. Here is not one of your arty dramas. Nothing subtle about this show. Bryan Foy, son of the late and comic Eddie, was chosen to direct, and he knows his Broadway show-shop. Wise to all the ways of melodrama, he has ordered dialogue for his picture which, while not brilliant, seems to belong. Sophisticated patter would be as out of place in this show as Hamlet's Soliloquy in an Our Gang Comedy.

What a come-back for the cast! You haven't been hearing so much these days of Cullen Landis, or Wheeler Oakman, or Mary Carr or Gladys Brockwell or Eugene Pallette. But you will from now on. They have voices, and they know how to use them. Landis, who certainly never made a big hit with me while he was a dumb actor, emerges as an ingratiating young man with a southern drawl. He is now one of our most eligible leading men. Oakman becomes once more a pungent personality. Miss Brockwell plays one of those deserted-sweetie roles for all she is worth—and Gladys is worth a lot to the Talkers. Mary Carr, the Mother Woman, has the youngest voice in the cast. Just one surprise after another.

The novelty of *Lights of New York* puts it over. The story is one of the old, juicy variety, dripping with hams and haws-haws. It's all about a boy with a good heart but poor logic who buys a bootleggers' rendezvous thinking it is a barber shop. Naturally he gets trimmed. But he has a good mother, Mary Carr; and a faithful sweetheart, Helene Costello; and virtue is allowed to triumph, after a particularly nice murder. This shooting scene is by far the best thing about this picture. The murdered man—no, I *won't* tell you who he is, so stop nagging—is deposited in the barber's chair and given a shave to deceive the detectives who are hanging around. Just as you think all is undiscovered, the body begins to slump slowly out of the chair and crumple up on the floor. I love that scene. Worthy of De Maupassant—well, anyway, of Conan Doyle.

Lights of New York is in for a tremendous vogue. It has the punch that brings people in to see prize-fights, side-shows, and circuses. It's crude but it crashes. A gentleman from the Broadway stage, Robert Elliott, invests the role of a detective with some significance. He is a good example of the kind of stage-and-screen personalities the movies will demand from now on.

¶An airy trifle that seems important

BEAU BROADWAY

¶Beau Zest.

WHY is it I always fall for these supposedly light, inconsequential little pictures? I'd rather not know. But I enjoyed *Beau Broadway* in spite of the fact that it doesn't mean a thing. Malcolm St. Clair has taken this airy trifle and invested it with something approaching importance. What a deft director he is! And what a cast he has to work with—Lew Cody, Sue Carol, Aileen Pringle, Hugh Trevor, and the priceless Kit Guard. It's a comedy of cross purposes, with Aileen on Lew's trail, Lew on Sue's, and Hugh cross about it all. I'm sure you'll like Hugh. Sue Carol is the only girl who will ever say No to him. Sue has her heart set on Lew, playing her guardian. And when Sue has her little heart set on any man he is as good as won. She is an irresistible bit of fluff—a Clara Bow who has been to college. Lew Cody makes a splendid impression as the somewhat harassed sportsman and prize-fight promoter who takes his duties as an adopted daddy so seriously that he poses as a church worker and model man. Aileen is present to give the show away—presumably to Sue. I can promise you a good time.

verley, took it for granted that Hart had invented them; so that today it is almost impossible to use a triple rhyme without having somebody say, 'That's like Larry Hart.' That gets, it must be admitted, a lot of us not-so-well-known lyricists pretty sore; lacking any other weapon of revenge, we write articles like this about it. But the fact remains that there are half-a-dozen men writing lyrics who can give you just as many trick rhymes — with a little more sense to 'em—as Hart.

But when Hart picks a theme and sticks to it, and is willing to recognize that English occasionally uses monosyllables, he has few superiors. As instances, we cite you such fetching numbers as 'Manhattan,' 'April Fool,' 'Mountain Greenery,' 'My Heart Stood Still' and 'You Took Advantage of Me.'

We now come to the case of Master Richard Rodgers, who composes the music for the firm. When *Garrick Gaieties* first broke, it was the general opinion that Master Rodgers was just an incubus about the neck of Hart. What Hart was advised by many of his friends was to tie up with a good tunesmith. Then, they went on, his fortune would be made. But even *his* lyrics could be killed by bad tunes. What Mr. Hart answered was that Rodgers was plenty good enough for him.



Photograph by White

Mae West and Curtis Cooksey in a scene from 'Diamond Lil,' *one of Broadway's biggest successes.*

Well, time passed and Master Rodgers has certainly made a sucker out of those who predicted he would come to No Good End. Year by year, he has gone along, sticking to tunes and letting the rhymes fall where they would, on the ultima or the antepenult. And year by year his tunes have grown more deft, more charming, more insinuating, until he emerges today as the peer of any of 'em. And those who began by knocking are today singing a different tune—one by Rodgers.

Rosalie

Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld has three shows current, but so far we have been able to see only *Rosalie*. We are, however, quite willing to attend again. For *Rosalie* has in it Jack Donahue, one of the grandest clowns of our time.

According to the advertisements, Marilyn Miller is also in the show, but, we would inquire, what of it? Donahue runs away with all the honors, and nobody is even second. Well, maybe Seymour Felix, who did the ensembles. No, he's third. There is no second.

It seems to us that there was a time when Marilyn stirred our pulses. That was in *Sally*. But we saw *Rosalie* with our doctor, who timed us and informed us that Marilyn affected neither our pulse beat nor our blood pressure. Maybe, as you get older, it doesn't bother you. So we have heard, and for all we know, we may be a horrible example of the truth of that saying.

But Donahue is something else again. He is funny if ever a man was. And he dances better than ever —so well that when Miss Miller dances with him, she just seems like a straight man for him.

Five-fifty for this one, but it's worth it. Music by Gershwin and Romberg; book by McGuire and Bolton; lyrics by Wodehouse and Ira Gershwin; scenes by Joseph Urban. The whole thing done in that sense of taste and color that Ziegfeld has taught us to expect from him. And Jack Donahue.

The Silent House

A play lending itself particularly to the Talkers is *The Silent House*. It didn't strike us as being too good in its legitimate form, but that was because we felt it hadn't realized its possibilities. But the ingredients of a band of mysterious Chinamen, the handsome hero and heroine, the silly-ass Englishman, murder, poison, torture, the will and its hintings at buried treasure, are all there, and, given to somebody like Leni, should emerge as a corking film. Even in its straight play form it was good enough for the audience to warn the hero of his danger every time a furtive hand, armed with a pistol, pointed itself at his back. Which was often.



¶ 'Fleetwing' *features Barry Norton and intense love-making in desert scenes of real beauty.*

New SCREENPLAYS

Reviewed By Rosa Reilly

FLEETWING

PASSIONATE music, please. Here comes the Sheik! And Fleetwing, white stallion. And a machine gun. To say nothing of a beautiful maiden just saved in the nick of time from the slave market.

Barry Norton, Ben Bard and Dorothy Janis as the hero, the heavy and the fragile maiden respectively, share honors with Fleetwing.

Peppy action and intense love-making in desert scenes of real beauty.

HUSBANDS FOR RENT

Married women please notice!

Also those girls about to be married!

And those who hope to be!

The moral of this little celluloid passionette is that a bite from a dog you know is better than rabies from an animal you don't know. In other words: Stick to the man you've got. Don't switch partners!

Helene Costello, Kathryn Perry, Owen Moore, and two funny clowns, Claude Gillingwater and Arthur Hoyt, are all mixed up in this pseudo-swanky bit of English comedy, where monocled gents, Rolls Royces and trifling women all swim around in an exalted, synthetic British atmosphere.

If you like tea in the garden, old thing, by all means don't overlook this one.

ROAD HOUSE

It's a theory of mine that as much danger lurks behind the buggy whip as behind the speedometer. But movie producers don't believe it. They've forgotten their own flaming youth, and because it is forgotten, every now and then a producer decides to show up the present generation.



¶ *Sam Hardy and Eleanor Boardman in* 'Diamond Handcuffs,' *a powerful picture about a magnificent gem.*

In the new film *Road House*, they are to be congratulated. They've really brought out a hot number. Pictures that only pretend to be bad are terrible. But this one doesn't pretend. It is! The drinking bouts and petting parties are staged in such a sizzling manner that it makes you wonder if you're not missing something. But, mind you, I'm not advising you to try to find out.

This movie deals with a small-town father, Lionel Barrymore, who is a "force for good," in public, and a fast stepping papa in private. He lets his son, Warren Burke, do pretty much as he pleases. And Warren ends up by getting involved with a bunch of gangsters and an underworld vamp, Marta Alba. Kay Briant is also present.

A one hundred percent sex picture, with a climax—making one hundred and one.

DIAMOND HANDCUFFS

Diamond, diamond, who's got the diamond?

That's the new movie game that Mr. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has made all the rage in 1928 film circles. But I'm not so sure that you want to engage in this pastime. It's not like Old Maids or Flinch. And even penny a point bridge and no limit stud poker would seem weak beside this diamond racket.

The point of the game is to try to get the magnificent diamond called "The Shah." Eleanor Boardman—a gangster's lady friend—starts a bloody battle between gunmen and police before it reaches her possession.

But like everything else earned with frail flesh and instead of hard work, the jewel slips out of Eleanor's pretty fingers and finds its way back to the first girl who owned it—a primitive South African, of dusky skin. But even she can't hold it. Her avarice brings her nothing but death. And the fateful stone slips out of her numb hand, rolls into the gutter, and is crushed into worthlessness beneath the wheels of a truck.

This picture burns. Gwen Lee, the married woman, Conrad Nagel, the husband, John Roche, the boy friend, Lena Malena, the South African, Sam Hardy, the gangster, and Eleanor Boardman all seem whipped to high passion by the tremendous direction of John McCarthy.



℄ *Kathryn Perry, Owen Moore and Helene Costello are all mixed up in a comedy called* 'Husbands for Rent.'

A powerful picture!

UNITED STATES SMITH

Eddie Gribbon is not a Launcelot in figure nor a Chesterfield in manners. But he brings to the screen what Jack Dempsey brought to the ring—a fighting quality, a certain animal punch. And you'd be surprised how the very, very refined ladies eat it up.

In *United States Smith,* Gribbon has a chance really to show what he can do as a hard-boiled marine. And he does plenty. In fact, if there's any bit of melodrama or comedy or hokum that he leaves out I don't know what it is. There's sentiment and humor and flag-waving, and to finish up, a prize fight.

Eddie wins the fight, but his rival, an army corporal, played by Kenneth Harlan, gets the girl. And Eddie is left behind with Mickey Bennett, the kid he has adopted as a marine mascot.

This picture has more real action and humor in it than any I've seen in a long while. Although it seems a man's picture, every member of the family will enjoy it. Harlan may get the girl. But Gribbon gets the audience.

Mickey Bennett, the juvenile, makes a great hit.



℄ *Warren Burke and Kay Briant in a sizzling new picture,* 'Road House'—*really a hot number.*

SOULS AFLAME

People who live in cities and large towns never seem to realize just how true mountaineers live. Down in West Virginia, not twelve miles from my home town, there are folks who never saw a railroad train or even a street car. High up in the mountains they drag out a meagre existence. Their only way of earning a living is by selling berries in summer, holly in winter, fish in spring, and firewood in the fall. Many times the women walk as much as twenty miles over almost impassable trails to the Mission to learn how to care for their babies. The only infantile food they understand is corn pone and bacon rind. Few of them can read or write. And none has any idea of religion except a frightening superstitious belief (*Continued on page* 92)

¶ *Keep Your Eyes on this Comedy Girl. She May Grow Up to Be a Big Art and Emotion Woman.*



¶ *Hal Roach hired little Marion to support his two great, big comedians, Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy — the brutes!*



¶ *Keep right on smiling, Marion. Remember that Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver started in slapstick, too.*

Marion Byron

CLOWNETTE of the *Picture Circus*

THERE'S hardly enough of Marion Byron to convince you of her proximity, were it not for her large, expressive eyes, plus delicious portions of that elusive, ethereal quality known these days and hereabouts as 'personality.'

Last fall, Hal Roach, the Columbus of the comedy screen, set out on a world voyage of discovery, accompanied by his beautiful young wife. The principal reason for the tour, or at least, one of the most important, was to be a search for a new type of feminine screen player.

For quite some time, the executives of the Roach fun factory had realized their need of a piquant, small, somewhat devilish leading lady, of a distinct type of appeal—you know, the sort of girl your mother was a bit dubious about during your sophomore days in high school.



¶ *This little Byron doesn't write poems. She inspires 'em.*

Roach, who has probably discovered as much high calibre screen material as any other comedy producer, persuaded his aides to permit him, during his trip around the globe, to keep his eye peeled for the elusive type needed.

And—here's the joke of it all—he returned as far as New York without having even been in danger of making the desired discovery. While in the metropolis, enroute home, he chanced to be present at a screening of *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*, and was (*Cont. on page* 84)



CUDDLY little Marion Byron is that rare combination — an ingenue-comedienne. You'll see her in Hal Roach comedies.

SCREENLAND



CHARLES 'BUDDY' ROGERS has been adopted as America's Boy Friend. *Just Twenty-One* is his next picture.



PERT and provocative Alice White has her big chance as Dixie Dugan, night club queen, in *Show Girl.*

SCREENLAND



THE Talkers have lured Al Jolson from the stage once more. He is doing his stuff in *The Singing Fool.*

Photograph by Elmer Fryer

Silver Threads Collect the Gold



¶ *Pola Negri in a gray wig made many a grandmother twinkle her wrinkles.*





¶ *Mary Astor all dolled up like Astor's pet daughter.*



¶ *Marie Prevost has so much 'come hither' in her magnetic glances that all the compasses on the Pacific point to Marie instead of minding their own business.*

¶ *All's* Fair *in Love.*

"DARLING, I am growing blonde," sing the camera cuties. They usually have pretty good judgment but they certainly are getting lightheaded over this hair business.

Women all over the country are letting the much-desired white hair show. At last Art has triumphed over Youth and happy is the lover who can boast a light hair on his coat collar. The real molasses blonde is the color they're stuck on, Laura La Plante's color—and there you go—Laura is dyeing her hair dark to play in *Show Boat*. She's the exception, and being exceptional is right down Laura's Mississippi.

¶ *Bebe Daniels—take it off, we know you. You're our favorite active volcano.*



¶ *Janet Gaynor, painted from life by Frank Wallis for the publicity office of Fox Films. She has arrived when she 'sits' to a painter.*

"Publicity"

The greatest part of Pictures

By Harry Blair

Winner of the position in the Fox publicity office offered by SCREENLAND in a recent contest

"EVERYBODY wins a contest some time in his life," to quote a caption from *The Crowd*. So I don't feel that in winning the SCREENLAND contest, which carries with it a job in the publicity department of the Fox Film Corporation, my situation is in any way unique. However, the editor seems to think that my experiences since coming over to New York and taking on the work may be of interest, so here goes.

Of course, I had been to New York several times before in my life but I didn't realize its vastness and bewildering beauty until I really came to make my home within the narrow confines of 'The $24 Island,' to quote from another movie. Fortunately, I have lived right in the heart of things and so, in the short time I have been here have learned to know the seamy side of New York life, as well as the bright side that Broadway flaunts so brazenly. It's all very exciting—and educational, I assure you.

Have you ever been in a newspaper office with its clattering typewriters, jangling telephones and paper-strewn floor? If so, you have a fair idea of what the publicity department of a large motion picture company is like. It was in such an atmosphere that I found myself a few weeks after receiving the telegram from SCREENLAND Magazine announcing that I had been accepted as winner of the contest. The first few weeks were awful; I didn't know anyone and there seemed nothing for me to do; I was given a desk over in the corner, out of everybody's road and, altogether, felt pretty much like the proverbial fifth wheel. To make matters worse, a change had been made in the position of Publicity and Advertising Director and a new man was momentarily expected to take charge of things. Everybody was worried and upset, of course. Well, they needn't have been, for it turned out that the new director, Glendon Allvine, is a very fine man to work for. He knows his job thoroughly which means that his subordinates are, in turn, always learning something from him. Better



¶ *Nick Stuart and Sally Phipps posing in New York for Harry Blair, for a picture for the publicity office.*

training in this field would be hard to get. 'Glen' Allvine has had long experience as press agent for many of the big productions, including *The Ten Commandments*. He once set the whole town of New York talking when he pulled off the idea of projecting that film on the exterior of the theatre during the period of darkness that resulted during the recent eclipse of the sun. Creative, dynamic, full of original ideas and the courage to put them over—that partially describes Glendon Allvine, chief of the Fox Film Corporation publicity staff.

Eventually, I found myself getting into the swing of things and, before very long, was writing synopses and brief articles for the trade papers. Then I was assigned to contact the trade papers and out of town fan magazines and, in between times, prepare press sheets on some of the new pictures. Right here, I had better explain that a (Cont. on page 86)



¶ *Margaret Mann visited New York during the run of 'Four Sons,' her great success.*



¶ *Harry Blair, the young man who has found his work.*

Chatter from Hollywood

By Martin Martin



¶ *Not since Irene Castle started it all has a girl's bob caused so much comment. Mary Pickford sacrificed her curls in the cause of bigger and better parts, and she wants to know how you like the effect.*

HOLLYWOOD has gone Talking Picture crazy. During my seven years as a writer here, involving daily contact with the people of the screen, I have never seen a period of greater turmoil.

Whatever comes of it, it has jogged us out of our ruts.

Louis Wolheim, who happens to be the last person I talked to, says: "The way the public has seized upon the talking pictures is certainly no compliment to the producers of the silent drama. If the product had been good the hegira would not have been so complete."

The screen had been crying for a novelty. Everyone is agreed on that. Jack Warner hooted the word 'novelty' as applied to talking pictures, though. Jack tells me to try and get into the Warner Brothers Theatre, where talking pictures are being shown. He points not without pride to the rise of 19 points in Warner stock.

There is no doubt that at this time Warner Brothers stands in a commanding position with respect to the particular field of 'talkers,' although Fox is straining every nerve to catch up and every company in Hollywood is making preparation for the new type of films.

I look forward with keenest anticipation to the first mystery story done in sound. Paul Leni, Universal director, who has been the most successful to date in transposing the mystery melodrama, believes that the new medium will prove the key to the long-sought method of making a satisfactory picture out of this type of story.



¶ *The grand little girl and the grand old man of the movies meet at the studio—Clara Bow and Theodore Roberts, both good troupers. Directors Malcolm St. Clair and Marshall Neilan are looking on.*

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, never far behind, is despatching W. S. Van Dyke, the man who made *White Shadows in the South Seas,* to Africa to film *Trader Horn.* And part of Van Dyke's equipment is a movietone recording outfit which will bring back in celluloid the roars of lions, the chattering of monkeys, the screams of rare birds and the monotonous reverberation of African tom-toms.

D. W. Griffith, looking closer to home, tells me eagerly of his plans to film the homey chirrup of crickets, the barking of dogs and other night sounds in Kentucky where he hopes to make *The Pioneer Woman* after he finishes *The Love Song.*

Ted Lewis, Fannie Brice and John Barrymore will make talking pictures for Warner Brothers. (I hear it rumored that United Artists wish Barrymore to talk in his last picture there, *Conquest,* but that his contract gave Jack Warner first right to his voice on the screen. Other players in the same picture will talk, however.

Out at Universal Uncle Carl Laemmle has ordered the construction of four sound-proof stages.

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the beautiful stretch of lawn where Aileen Pringle was wont to serve tea to visiting celebrities, is being gouged out for stages of the new kind.

They are using seismographs (earthquakes being quite passe here) to test for vibrations when laying foundations for the sound-proof buildings.

Doug Fairbanks won't talk in his next, *The Iron Man,*

but there will be sound effects. Mary won't talk either. Charlie Chaplin is worrying about how to reconcile his English accent with the bedraggled character of beloved memories to screen fans. Jack Gilbert is literally champing to talk in the films.

Jesse Lasky is going to take voice tests of all Paramount players in the form of a novelty film, but I don't believe he will release it when he realizes that the public would then be hearing every voice at once. Curiosity is worth stretching, you know.

Going a step farther than competitors Dr. Herbert Kalmus of Technicolor already is in production with a



How a Great Director looks at home. Cecil deMille with Mrs. deMille and their three children: Cecilia, who has a small part in her dad's latest picture, 'The Godless Girl'; *Catherine, and John.*

feature-length color picture which will also have sound effects. This will be *The Thrall of Leif the Lucky*, a Viking story. House Peters is in it.

Think of what color pictures would mean to Mary Astor, Billie Dove and many other stars.

As for the Talkers, they have given a new lease on life to many players. From the reports of a single picture, the first 10 percent Vitaphone Talker, Gladys Brockwell and Cullen Landis are eagerly sought now. Their voices hit.

—o—

A dozen times I've been in discussions as to what was the first talking picture—I mean way back there before the Vitaphone was thought of.

The most authentic claim to my knowledge comes from Edmund Breese, a well-known character actor. While we were both getting our hair cut, Breese told me of writing and acting in a Talker more than a score of years ago for the Edison company. He thinks it was the first ever made.

The name of it was *The Master Mind* and it was a condensed version of a Broadway play. The synchronized form ran six minutes on the screen, the voice coming from an ordinary cylindrical phonograph record. Breese admits there wasn't much synchronization.

"I played in a talker long before that," says Henry Duffy, a theatrical producer of Los Angeles. Duffy and two other men conceived the unique idea of standing behind the screen of the old Bush Temple theater in Chicago and speaking lines as the action flickered before the audience. They got their cues from watching the film actors through the transparent sheet upon which the film was thrown. Duffy says he spoke for hero, heroine and heavy in the same picture. The novelty packed the old Bush Temple for two weeks.

—o—

It has been a month of rumors as might be expected from the unsettled condition of the colony. Some dismay is expressed here at the report that John Considine is going to New York to pick a cast of stage actors for Barrymore's picture, *Conquest.*

I am greatly interested in another rumor that Dolores del Rio instead of Norma Talmadge will make *The Darling of the Gods* with Sessue Hayakawa as her leading man.

It won't be her next picture, for Edwin Carewe has bought an original story from George Scarborough called *Deported.* This is another Russian story, something on the order of *Resurrection.*

Unless I am mistaken, however, Dolores will make *The Darling of the Gods* after she finishes *Deported.*

I was at a tea-party at her home before she left for Europe. And what a lovely home she has! The house is built about a great sycamore, 400 years old. The tree is so famous as to have a name in California history—the 'hanging tree' it is called from the fact that several men have been dangled from its convenient limbs.

Dolores and her mother live alone in this house except for their servants, but it is the mecca of her many friends. She is one of the most charming hostesses in Hollywood.

—o—

You will be interested to know that Jackie Coogan, now grown into a youth, is rehearsing here in Hollywood for a dance act with his father. Jackie's father was a clog dancer in the days before *The Kid.*

How the time does fly! It seems yesterday that the wistful child, Jackie, with a man's-size cap falling down over one ear, was the season's sensation.

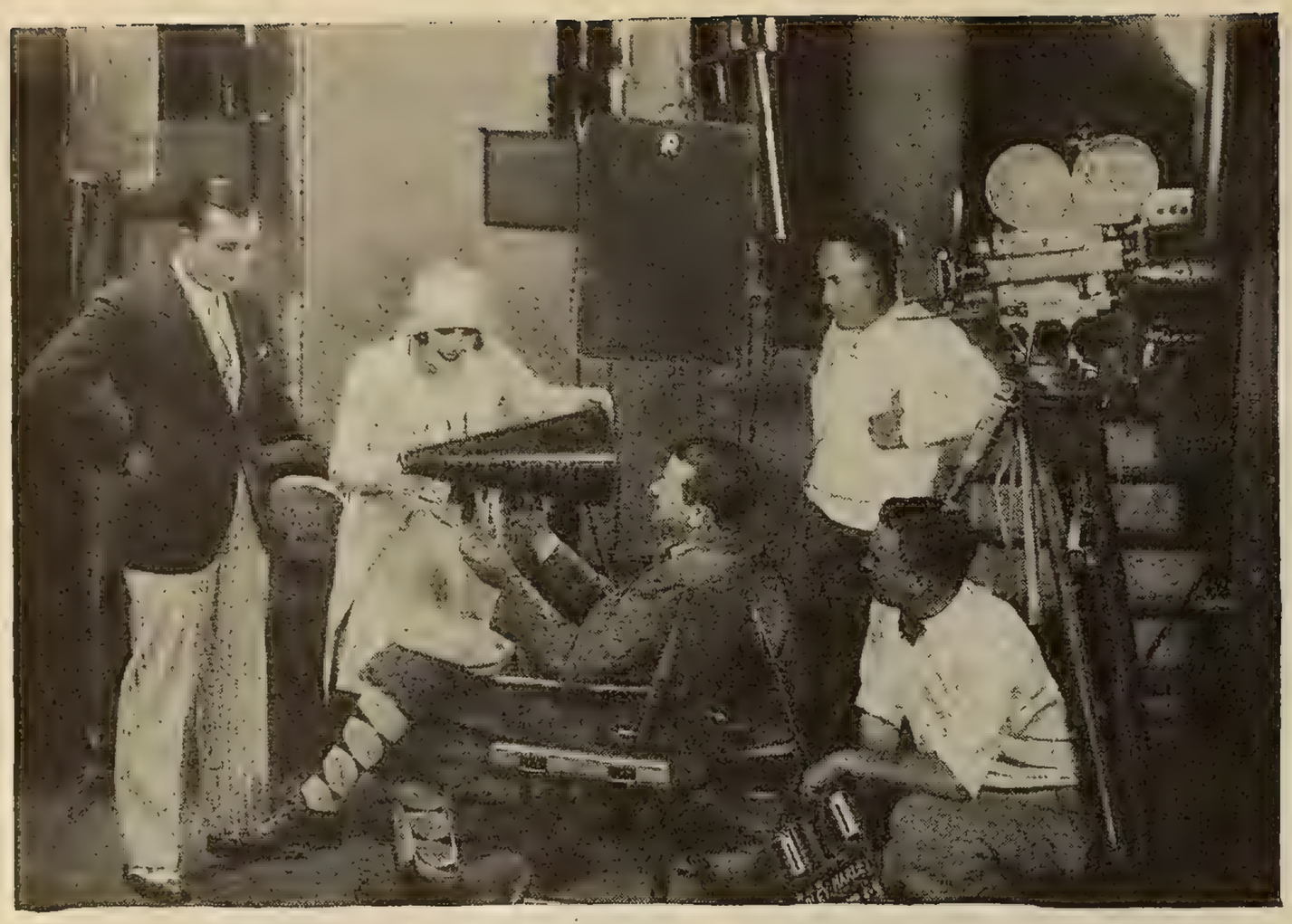
I saw a print of *The Kid* run not long ago in a projection room. Our memories don't deceive us. It was a great picture all right.



Here is the smile that has helped make 'The Collegians' *such a popular series. It belongs to Dorothy Gulliver, who plays George Lewis' leading lady in these films of youthful America.*

—o—

Jesse Lasky's had an interesting life. Have you ever heard that he was among the first 100 men to reach Nome



¶ *A director's initiation. Lina Basquette, star, presents a shiny new megaphone to Tay Garnett when he starts work on his first picture, 'Celebrity,' while Robert Armstrong, leading man, Peverell Marley, cinematographer—incidentally, Lina's fiance—and an assistant cheer.*



¶ *Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures, and his son Carl Junior.*



¶ *Fred Kohler, villain of so many pictures, is really the mildest man in the world — ask his pretty little wife.*

tinent 74 times?

—o—

I saw Buddy Rogers this month making a talking picture. It was a sequence for *Abie's Irish Rose,* which Paramount has recalled to the studio for the addition of spoken dialogue.

Buddy seemed much the same unspoiled kid he used to be. He had just returned from Princeton where *The Sophomore* was being made.

Since then, Paramount has announced he will next do *The Charm School,* an Alice Duer Miller story once made by Wallace Reid.

It is becoming fashionable to remake the stories that were successes. Richard Dix is to do one, *The Admirable Crichton* by Sir James Barrie. If you remember, Tommy Meighan played the resourceful butler in the original version and Gloria Swanson was the spoiled society girl.

—o—

Those familiar with the story of *A Woman of Affairs,* which Greta Garbo will star in, say that it is *The Green Hat* in thin disguise. Michael Arlen is credited as author of the story.

Clarence Brown is to direct. I ran across



¶ *Ruth Taylor's grandmother looks young enough to be her mother, while her mother is often taken for her sister. That gives Ruth two nice girls to pal around with.*

during the Alaskan gold rush? Or that he once was a reporter on a San Francisco newspaper? Or that he was at one time the leader of the Royal Hawaiian band in Honolulu? Or that his screen activities have carried him across the continent 74 times?

Clarence in an Oriental art shop in San Francisco where he was buying a pair of great brass lanterns for his home. He told me of signing Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Lewis Stone for roles in the picture.



Carol Lombard, Mack Sennett discovery, has graduated into drama but fortunately she didn't forget to bring her bathing-suit along.

Lilac Time has done a lot for Gary Cooper. It is generally conceded as his most successful picture, partly because Colleen Moore was generous enough to allow much footage of Gary in the final print.

I roused out a Paramount official by phone just before writing this letter and he tells me that Gary's next will be *Wolf Song*. Victor Fleming is going to direct and that's all I could find out.

Here's an interesting item though. Clara Bow is to make another Elinor Glyn story. It will be *Three Week Ends*. Neil Hamilton has been assigned as her leading man and Chester Conklin as a character comedian.

Ever since *It*, Paramount has eagerly scanned every Glyn story for another vehicle for Clara.

—o—

It is also a month of come-backs.

Kathlyn Williams, who disappeared from the films when she accompanied her husband, Charles Eyton, to Paris, is to return in *A Single Man* at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This is a Lew Cody picture.

Another player long absent form the screen is Virginia Pearson, the statuesque vamp of several Fox films in the past. She has signed to play in the same cast with Belle Bennett for an independent company.

—o—

The Girl From Chicago established Myrna Loy as a valuable addition to the cast of any crook play. Warners is following up by featuring her in *Hard-Boiled Rosie*, a Vitaphone picture.

Myrna sailed by me on Hollywood boulevard yesterday in a bright yellow coupe. She is certainly a picturesque type. I remember it was her slanting eyes that first attracted the attention of a portrait photographer here. He persuaded Warners' to take a test of her and she went under contract there about the same time as Jane Winton.

(Jane is back from Europe, by the way, with her husband, Charles Kenyon, the scenarist.)



Charlie Murray and his severest critics—Charles Murray McQuaid—up in arms—and William McQuaid, Jr.—his grand-sons.

It is a sure thing that Lewis Stone will be much sought after with the talking pictures coming into vogue. He was a leading man in Los Angeles for years.

—o—

Speaking of interesting lives, the story of Victor McLaglen held a number of surprises for me. To begin with he is the son of an English clergyman. His father was bishop of Clermont.

Vic was in the English army during the war, at one time serving as provost marshall of Bagdad. He later became a prize fighter, the champion of Canada, in fact.

His first pictures were made in England.

—o—

Tom Moore is over at F. B. O. So is Noah Beery. I met them both in front of the hamburger stand there. Tom is to do the lead opposite Seena Owen in *The Last Haul* and later will make the late James Oliver Curwood's *The Yellowback*. Micky Neilan will direct *The Last Haul*.

Noah is in for some exciting screen adventures, for his two pictures are *Loves in the Desert* and *The Red Sword*. George Melford is going to direct. He made Valentino's famous picture, *The Sheik*.

And that is about all I know except that I agree with the title writer who said: "The trouble with this country is that too many people are trying to have a whale of a good time on a sardine income."



Betty Bronson is living down 'Peter Pan.' After playing opposite Al Jolson in 'The Singing Fool,' she is off to Europe to star in a great big grown-up, emotional role.

They SAY—



¶ *When Jimmy Walker, Mayor of New York, visited Hollywood! In front are Lupe Velez, Dolores del Rio, Douglas Fairbanks, Louella Parsons, Marion Davies, and Ethel Plank. Second row: Edwin Carewe, Samuel Goldwyn, Alan Dwan, Charles Chaplin, John W. Considine, Sr., Hans Kraly, Mayor Walker, Nate Stein, John W. Considine, Jr., James Warner, Ernst Lubitsch, and Peter Brady. Top, Henry King and Roland West.*

OF course, now that he's gone, we can talk about him all we want to, and he simply cannot do a thing. The only trouble is that he said so many good things about us that we would be pretty pikery to say anything nasty about him behind his back. I mean, you may have guessed, The Right Honorable Jimmy Walker. He came, he saw, he conquered! First over at the First National Studios; second at a Wampas meeting; third at the *Lilac Time* opening; and fourth in a little one-reel movie with Colleen Moore vamping him. I don't know yet why he didn't sign the ten-thousand-dollar-a-week contract offered him by Ned Marin at the First National luncheon. He told us he was on time because he had heard that there really was going to be something on the table one could eat. There was. Then he talked for about an hour and a half, and

By Marion of Hollywood

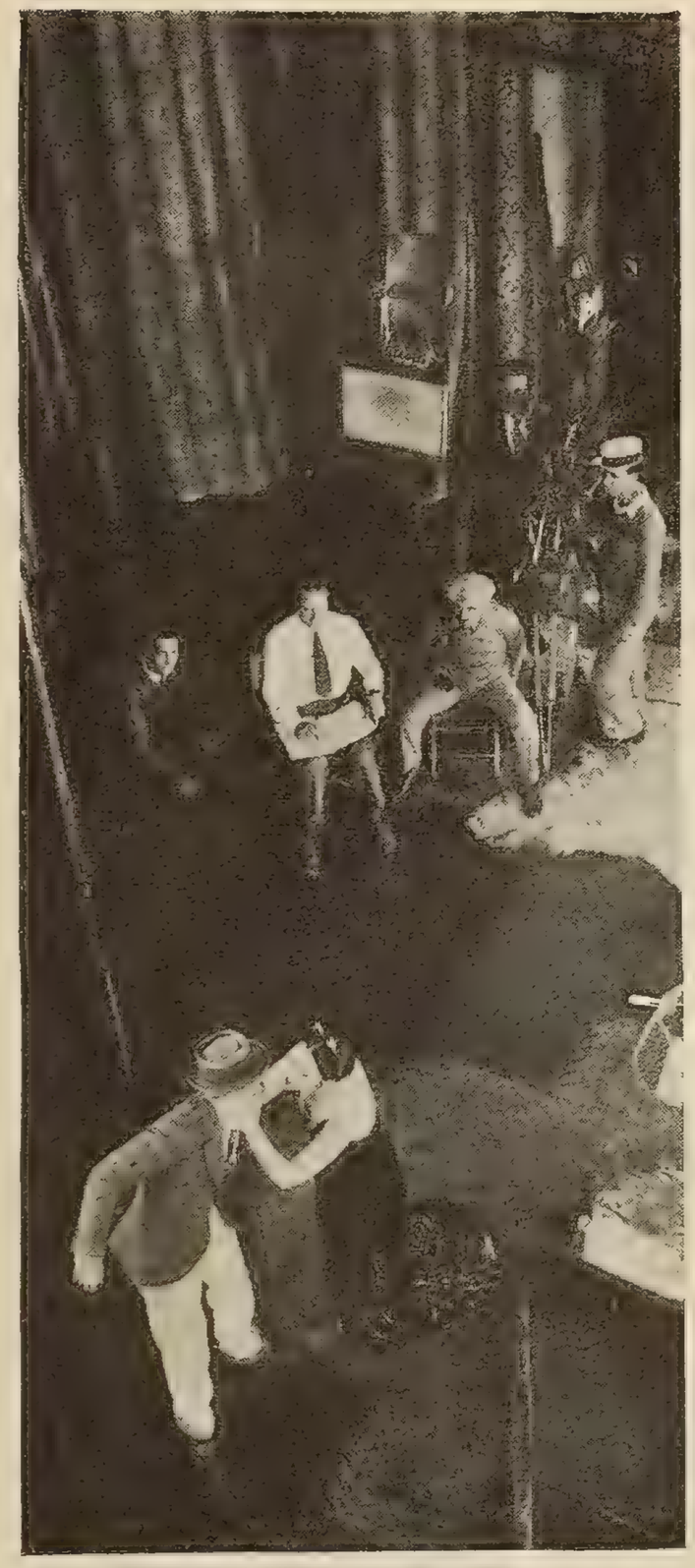
I'm telling you he was so interesting that I forgot to take exact note of his good-looking clothes. I hand it to anyone who can talk for an hour and a half and make it seem like five minutes! He did the same thing at the Wampas meeting, and not only that—he was *five minutes early*. He must have liked us movie folks, because he was on time at the *Lilac Time* opening, too. And what an opening! The Carthay Circle Theatre always does have a most interesting opening, but at *Lilac Time* I thought we simply never would be able to get to the door of the theatre. Cars and people were lined up for blocks, and it was a sight I will remember for a long, long time. Then after we saw the picture, heard Conrad Nagel, Gary Cooper and Colleen make little speeches, we saw the movie of the mayor. It was 'rich, rare and racy,' and the hit of the evening; and if I were John McCormick, after all those vampire scenes I certainly should keep a weather eye on Colleen and the mayor of little old New York. You know, they are not so slow from that Great White Way, either!

* * *

He arrived in Hollywood about two weeks ago, and he's the gent who put the 'Unc' in 'Uncle Richard Dix.' There is just ten pounds of him at the present writing, and his Mom, Josephine Dix Compton, named him John Richard so that his Uncle Richard would have the right to paddle him any one of these days when he might need it. I wouldn't vouch for the absolute truth of this next, but they do say that the day after he arrived the young fellow asked Richard how *Moran of the Marines* is coming along, and then gave it as his opinion *Redskin*, his uncle's next after *Moran*, ought to be a pretty fine production, considering that not only is it to be made in natural colors, but also is to be a Talker. Having used such good judgment in picking out an A-Number One home, I'm inclined to think that John Richard must be reasonably sure of what he is speaking about!

* * *

For three weeks I kept coming to the Paramount Studios and wondering what all the hammering and building up near the FBO lot meant. (You know, the two back yards meet.) Nobody seemed to understand what was going on, and if they did understand, no one was saying. Then, fast as anything, it was given out to a surprised Hollywood that Paramount is to have a broadcasting station. '*KNX Paramount Pictures —Los Angeles Evening Express*' will be flashed from the new building out to the two big towers on the Paramount Ranch, and then to you. It is to be such a powerful station—fourth largest on the Pacific Coast and among the largest in the country—that many of you folks far from the picture colony will be able to tune in and imagine yourselves looking out of



Making 'Horace of Hollywood,' *showing Arthur Lake being vamped. Edward Luddy is directing.*



Dita Parlo, UFA star, will be seen in 'Karl and Anna'; *she will make a hit, then she will come to this country. That will be something for next year's magazine.*



Mervyn Le Roy, director, takes another tack with Colleen Moore.

the broadcast window on to the big permanent boat set, the studio restaurant, the Venetian canals, and even over to Mr. Smith, who guards the back gate from all intruders. Hollywood seems to get nearer and nearer to the whole world every single year!

* * *

The outlaw, Conway Tearle, and I have been meeting rather frequently these days. Two weeks ago he told me that he has signed his life away to go back onto the legitimate stage for at least one play, *Mid-Channel*. I met him again a week later, and he told me that the show was to open in San Francisco in fourteen days. You can imagine my surprise, then, when I met him again yesterday, with the opening of his show only seven days away, and he still here in Los Angeles. "Gosh," I said, "You must be the original memory kid! How can you stay here in Los Angeles and open up in four-act stage play in seven days? When are you going to rehearse, and how can you learn a part like that and have it perfect for a critical public in these few remaining days?" The confident, tie-less Conway smiled. "Learn it?" he practically asked me. "I know the thing backwards and forwards and could do it in my sleep. You know, Marion, I only played it in New York with Ethel Barrymore for two long years." Of course, after that break I changed the subject pretty fast and asked him what he knew about the rumor that Ethel is to do a Vitaphone for Warners. He didn't know for sure, either, but from a few little phrases he very casually let drop, it doesn't look as if it will be a particularly long time before Conway Tearle will be working for the Talkers.



Lily Damita and Ronald Colman between scenes for 'The Rescue.' *But who wants to be rescued?*

* * *

This much I know—Josef von Sternberg doesn't work George Bancroft *all* day long every single Sunday on the *Docks of New York* picture. Also, though Mal St. Clair had worked Clara and Jimmie Hall on *The Fleet's In* until midnight on Saturday, I do know for sure that he didn't work them Sunday, either, because they were at George's beach home Sunday, too. Merna Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy were there, and later in the afternoon Jesse Lasky Jr. dropped in. Possibly you remember that the big Bancroft fellow rented Norma Talmadge's gorgeous beach home, but have you heard that he and Mrs. Bancroft enjoyed it so much that they have now had the lawyers 'draw up the papers' and have bought it for their very own? That is what has happened, and if you want perfect definition of the word 'charming,' just be introduced to Mrs. George Bancroft. I was always *pretty* sure that George is a very smart fellow, but now that I have met the wife he chose, I can say positively! It certainly was a pleasant day, and you can better believe that I am going to take good care of that invitation to come back soon, and to make it often.

* * *

When Lina Basquette and Pev Marley return from their vacations, no one in Hollywood will be the least bit surprised to hear the announcement that the new order of things has changed it to Mr. and Mrs. Peverell Marley. With Lina acting for Mr. C. B. and with Pev having charge of all Mr. C. B.'s camera work, they have been thrown together day after day and ought to be quite sure of how they feel about it. I hope it does happen, because they make the cutest couple imaginable!

* * *

Peter Pan (cat), standing on the walk in front of the house the other day, bristled up fit to kill, and the cause across the street was quite as alarming to me as it was to poor Peter. Coming down the walk on the other side was none other than Fazil — (you know, Charlie Farrell) — with a huge lunch basket in one hand, and a big overgrown all-head and all-feet pup under the other arm. Pain was registered on our hero's face, and before he reached the car at the curb the canine's tail and hind quarters were almost trailing on the ground. I haven't seen Charlie since to get the exact 'dope' on it, but I have been sort of figuring that maybe the basket was full of some of *Our Daily Bread*, to play a joke on Director Murnau. and maybe the hound is to



Edmund Lowe and his Swiss bee-hound in 'Making the Grade.'

be taken away with them to their middle-west wheat field location for the same picture so that the little leading lady, Mary Duncan, will have someone to watch over her every minute of the day and night.

* * *

If the Talkers never do a thing to help the movies along—that is just 'if,' of course—they certainly are doing plenty for the stage. I never heard of so many movie folks ready to start rehearsing, already started or looking for material to start. Most of them have worked 'legitimate' in the good old days, and it seems as if the going back is more or less to remind the producers what they can do when it comes to speaking their lines. Here are a few I can think of right off hand, who have either started or have a starting date all set: Estelle Taylor, Jack Dempsey, Harrison Ford, Lois Wilson, Helen Ferguson, Conway Tearle, Eugene O'Brien, Ian Keith, Ethel Clayton.

* * *

I met our old friend J. Warren Kerrigan the other day—at the bank. Note that last—'at the bank.' Meeting him there made a particularly deep impression on me, because I realized, after talking with him, that he can go back into pictures if he wants to, but if he doesn't want to, it is the last thing that he has to do! It is the hardest thing on earth to save money while it is coming in fast for the day when it may not be coming in at all, and when you meet a man like J. Warren who *did* know how to take care of it when it was coming in, it makes you sit up and take notice of yourself. Maybe he will go back into pictures some time, and again maybe he will not. It just depends on how he feels. Gosh—what a priceless independence to have, and how sweet must be the days that he spends digging around in his garden, planting new seeds, watching things grow, and, at sunset, at peace with the world!



¶ Director Victor Seastrom is directing Eva Von Berne, the Viennese beauty, and John Gilbert in 'The Mask of the Devil,' *and John seems to like it.*

"Now if C. B. goes with M. G. M.——" "Oh, I know, but he's going with United Artists." "What makes you think that United Artists thing is settled?" "Say, who has even said definitely that he is leaving Producers Distributing?" "Well, Doug Fairbanks is supposed to have bought Joe Schenck's interest in United Artists and is going to manage the studio himself." "Yes, and he's



¶ Edwina Booth appears to have a weak back but otherwise we should say is more or less pretty nearly all right.

the one—Doug, I mean—who wants C. B. to come over to United."

And then, after all the talking, he signs with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Mr. De Mille will produce a series of super-productions for M-G-M release. By the time you read this he will have moved his entire personal staff over to the Culver City Studio where he will begin a modern story produced on super-picture lines.

* * *

It's fine to be a great movie star, with a beautiful wife, a perfect little daughter, and a palace of a home on top of a hill, but what good is it going to do you if you have to leave the home and fireside right in the middle of the summer-time and go up into the mountains with a staff of writers to work like a dog 'preparing?' I simply have to weep for Harold myself, because I know how dear to his heart the new house is, and what a marvelous time he and Mildred are having getting the new roads put in, the orchards planted, the grass seeded, and all that sort of thing. It's like when Sunday comes and you have to put the shining new roller-skates in the closet and go to Sunday meeting! But new stories have to be prepared, and Harold has to leave his home, sweet home.

Out of the Silence

Continued from page 25

advanced scientifically we can build the concrete one." And thus it is.

The first Paramount picture to use sound effects was *Warming Up,* starring Richard Dix. Being a baseball picture it was a tricky thing to do in silence. Sound saved it from a possible flop and made it a knock-out at the box office. And the popular Richard is now more popular than ever.

In *Abie's Irish Rose* Nancy Carroll will sing Irish songs while Buddy Rogers will accompany her at the piano. Jean Hersholt's voice will also be heard at several dramatic points in the story. *Beggars of Life* will have sound effects and you will at last hear what Wally Beery's voice is like for he is going to sing a hobo song. The sound of a runaway freight train will be a thrill, too. In *Varsity,* Buddy Rogers' first starring picture, you will hear Buddy, Mary Brian, Chester Conklin and Phillips R. Holmes in dialogue.

A statement from Harry Rapf, studio executive in charge of the sound picture unit for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, shows this organization well to the front in sound picture development. In fact, their new studio will be the finest in the business.

"We are, of course, shooting in the dark," said Mr. Rapf. "We have had no experience in this business to guide us. We have, however, engaged the finest engineers available from the Western Electric and Victor Talking Machine Corporations. Under their direction a sound-proof recording studio 90x150 feet is being constructed on the lot and, as you see, is nearly half finished. The construction begins below the earth's surface so as to eliminate all ground noises such as passing trucks, blasting, trains and so on. The walls and roof are treated in such a manner as to be 100 percent sound-proof. The studio is further equipped with a refrigerating plant permitting the actors to work in comfort and for a longer period of time. In the present sound-proof studios the actors can work only a very few minutes at a stretch. Then the studio doors have to be flung open for air and relief from the intense heat of the incandescent lights.

"Our engineers have also completed a device that will permit the actor to talk and walk at the same time. A portable set for sound is being erected for outside work but nothing has yet been perfected to kill noise in an open set.

"Sound is here to stay. Anyone who believes it to be a novelty is, in my opinion, barking up the wrong tree."

The first Metro picture to have sound effects will be *Nize Baby,* directed by Hobart Henley. A few songs will be sung in this.

The *Trial of Mary Dugan* will be the first all-dialogue picture. Ramon Novarro, who is a rare musician, will sing in his next picture. All Metro pictures will have at least sound effects in future



¶ Edmund Lowe and Mary Astor before the combined camera and sound recorder. The microphone does not have to be near the camera nor too near the players. The Movietone truck carries the batteries.

United Artists are building a sound-proof stage, but whether concrete or wood has not yet been decided at this writing. Ground has already been broken, however, and Western Electric engineers are directing the work. The recording stage will be in the shape of the letter T. One part measures 73x99, the other part 61x53. They are temporarily prepared to take care of sound effects which will be used in John Barrymore's next picture *Conquest,* and Lupe Velez will sing in *The Love Song.*

Ground has been broken at Universal City for the erection of Unit I in the new sound-proof stage system which is being installed. The first group consists of three sub-units; a main stage 60x100; a combined theatre and monitor room 35x50 and an apparatus section 73x53. Sufficient ground space has been allowed for expansion as future requirements will demand.

The main stage is of the truss type. The walls will be built of sound-insulating material and the floors will be insulated separately from the balance of the building to obviate ground noises. The ceiling has been especially designed to prevent overhead sounds, such as heavy rainstorms and passing airplanes. A sound-proof vestibule will permit trucks to deliver props and equipment to the studio without causing delay or noise.

The theatre and monitor room will house an expert who controls the microphone and sound volume by a remote control system. The monitor hears only the recorded voice though he may view the players through a plate glass window. He is thus able to modify or enlarge the voices

or atmosphere sounds.

This monitor, by the way, or mixer, as Warner's call him, is, in Robert Milton's opinion, to be one of the big jobs under the new regime.

A monitor has to be an electrical engineer with musical knowledge. So just anyone can't be a monitor. Also he holds within his hands, all things being equal, the success or failure of a sound picture. For this reason. He listens to the voices. If one is too loud or too thin he can enlarge or soften it. His is the hand that blends the atmospheric sounds or musical accompaniment to suit the dialogue. If his ear isn't true, think what inharmony he can create in a picture.

On the other hand, don't blame him too much if everything goes wrong in your theatre. All of his careful work can be ruined by a careless or ignorant operator. The young man up in the little box where the picture unreels can raise the deuce with your ears and nerves just by being indifferent.

Eighteen Universal pictures now on the market or in the making will have sound effects or dialogue. Even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* now will be synchronized, and also *The Man Who Laughs*. *Lonesome*, the second picture of the interesting new director, Dr. Paul Fejos, will have dialogue. In *Show Boat* you will hear Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut; and in *The Girl on the Barge* you will hear Jean Hersholt and Sally O'Neil.



Here is Madge Bellamy making a Movietone sequence for her latest picture, 'Mother Knows Best.'

Samuel Goldwyn is sold on sound as an aid to dramatic point in the story and from now on they will be used in Goldwyn productions. Mr. Goldwyn does not, or did not when I talked with him, think that an all sound picture, I mean all dialogue with no silent parts, is practical or that it will work out to the general satisfaction of the public.

Even the comedies are for it. Christie Studios are building a large sound-proof stage, but not a concrete one. Sound effects and episodic dialogue will be used in all Christie pictures from now on. Harold Lloyd will use sound in his next picture.

First National is building a sound-proof stage and thirty of their pictures will have episodic dialogue and musical synchronization.

F. B. O., De Mille and Pathe have no announcement to make. These companies are under the management of the banker-movie magnate Joseph P. Kennedy, and Mr. Kennedy is biding his time. Temporary facilities for synchronizing sound have been installed so that pictures from these companies will not be behind the times but no further plans have been decided upon by Mr. Kennedy as yet. It is rumored that the Radio Corporation of America will tie up with Mr. Kennedy.

Untouched amidst the upheaval that is turning Hollywood wrong-side-out, Warner Brothers alone are merely carrying on. The feverish excitement found in every other studio in the industry finds them cool and determined to advance the gain they have by two years' experience. They alone have their equipment and know what it will do. They alone have their sound-proof stages, three of them, their directors and technicians all set and going strong. Their only problem is the perfecting of what they already have. And they are hard at it. With these two years of priceless experience behind them it is conceivable that they will remain the leaders in the field, in volume of production at least, for some months.

Two years ago Bryan Foy, son of the famous Eddie, came to Warner to direct two-reel sound pictures. He has been working quietly away ever since and has made hundreds of short subjects. He is now the most experienced sound-picture director in the business. The first all-sound picture he directed, *Lights of New York*, is now turning them away at the Strand Theatre in New York. The second all-sound dramatic feature he is making now, is *The Home Towners*, and has in it an all-star cast of actors who have appeared both on the stage and screen. Doris Kenyon, Gladys Brockwell, Robert Edeson, and Richard Bennett.

Now! How are they made? Well, the technical side of this story has never been written. So secretive are the producers about their devices and patents that the laboratories are locked and double-locked and if you can get a peep inside their doors you are pretty good. An air of mystery shrouds even the talking picture stages, but the laboratories—they are the Waterloo of all outsiders. It seems a little foolish when you consider how safe their invention is from the average mind. A highly specialized engineer or an inventor along these lines might prove a dangerous visitor, but from the lay mind—well, their two-million-dollar secret is safe, that's all! I am told that on the Warner Brothers lot only three people know what it is all about. The rest know their own particular line of work and that is all.

But the popular side of the story is entertaining and all the average person is interested in, anyway.

The inside of a sound-proof stage differs from a regular

stage in equipment only. It is heavily padded with celotex to produce a uniform sound and that in turn is padded with lined burlap. The ceiling in addition to this provides a net work of tracks to accommodate heavy baffling curtains, used in isolating the subjects to be photographed. Universal calls these portable sound deadeners 'baffles,' a new word in cinema parlance.

The camera men have little portable rooms heavily padded with a graduated door which they close during the taking of a scene. The front of these camera rooms is equipped with a pane of flawless ground glass through which the scene is 'shot.' This is imported from Germany and takes six months to get because several welds have to be made before a flawless one is completed.

In an up-to-date sound-proof stage the floor is perfect, for every tiny sound records and if anyone has a cold and coughs or sneezes—well, sneezers are just 'out' on a sound picture stage. And if you had the asthma you'd have to get over it if you wanted to work in sound pictures.

When a scene is being taken people stand perfectly still, afraid to move a muscle lest they should accidentally knock a stray board or touch something that would make a noise. This care is taken so that none of the mechanics of the trade will impose themselves upon the ear of the listener. The devices are not perfect yet but they are making rapid strides and in a year the sound pictures made today will be marvelved at their crudity.

The mixer or monitor sits in his little box aloft listening to the sounds that come to him over the wire, judging whether the inflections are of the right quality. He supervises the placing of the microphones on the set. It matters a great deal whether a microphone is too near a player or not near enough. If two people are playing a scene and sitting side by side they can use the same 'mike' and speak almost naturally. If they are across the room from each other and have a scene which uses rapid dialogue they have to speak slowly with time pauses between each sentence. If they spoke too quickly the action would not synchronize with the words. Can you imagine the new technique that has to be used? In a quarrel or tense emotional scene an actor can't speak quickly as he naturally would under stress of emotion. He must count his time pauses and yet give his words full emotional value.

One thing saves time and one thing only, but it is a tremendous relief for the whole outfit. It takes ages to get 'set' for a sound picture but once the scene is taken that ends it. Sometimes it has to be taken two or three times for cover shots, but what I mean is that the long shots and closeups are taken at the same time. Anywhere from two to six cameras cover the scene from different angles. The delay caused in 'setting up' for long shots, then medium shots, closeups and special camera angles is done away with in a sound picture.

The scripts are entirely different from the silent picture scripts. They are almost exactly like the Mss. of a stage play. Clever dialogue and crisp situations are now very important and the scenarist of old will have an awful headache before very long.

Every dog has his day. The dramatist who wanted to write for pictures and was high-hatted by the movie writers is now the cock of the walk. Yet with reservations. A king does not share his throne too graciously.

None of the studios are dismantling because just as many silent pictures are being made, and will be made for many months, as before. There is the foreign trade to consider and the theatres that have not sound device equipment to think of. But this is what happens. The pictures are made twice. Once silent and the second time for sound. Can you imagine the delay and expense of this? Only a few are made for sound alone. I believe that Bryan Foy is the only director in the business so far who makes sound pictures alone.

It is said that by fall 1000 theatres in America will be equipped for sound. England is preparing rapidly but the continent very slowly. Only newsreels and pictures with sound effect and musical accompaniment alone can be shown in foreign lands until they get around to making their own sound pictures. Just at this time American producers are not thinking about



¶ Harold Lloyd talking to a deaf fish pedler.

the problem of all-sound American-made pictures for foreign trade.

The chatter on a temporary sound stage is amusing. In a silent studio it doesn't matter if a board creaks when a scene is being taken. It matters plenty in a sound studio. You hardly dare breathe when a scene is being taken and if a trolley car goes by the studio it is just too bad, because the whole scene has to be taken over again. Not all the studios are equipped entirely with incondescent lights, the only ones to use on any set because they don't smoke and they don't sing. "Quiet down that spot!" the director said when a light began to hum just before the taking of a scene. If a mistake occurs in the action the scene has to be taken again. The director can't say a word during a shot. When the scene is ready an electrician presses a button which gives an outside signal. At that signal every bit of work on the entire lot stops until the release signal buzzes. Trucks stand still, hammers cease. Is it any wonder that pictures cost so much? Think of the wasted time among the workmen. Of course when the concrete stages such as Metro is building are finished this will not happen.

As I see it, everything has to be hushed. At the Carthay Circle theatre they showed a 'short' called *The Family Picnic*. When some packages were put down on the steps the noise was deafening. Later I saw a 'short' being taken. Some traveling bags were put down on a wooden floor. The first time the mixer said the sound was like a report from a cannon. Since the slightest whisper registers I can't see why they don't have felt props. When you drop a bag naturally there is a thud—even a felt bag would register and probably just enough.

How do the players feel about all this?

The majority are for it strong. A very few loathe the idea. But whether they are for or against it, the subject of sound pictures is the main topic of conversation at any gathering large or small. The beauty of Lionel Barrymore's voice and Alec Francis' voice above the untrained voices of the other members of *The Lion and the Mouse* cast put everyone without stage experience in a panic. Almost overnight an army of voice teachers sprang into existence. Sue Carol counted eighteen announcements that came to her in one week. Many of them threatened that if she didn't study with so and so, the only worthy voice teacher in Hollywood, her voice would soon be gone and her promising career over. At least ten said practically the same thing. Most of the stars had the same experience.

What were they to do? What were they to think?

Having had no experience at all with voice teachers they didn't know a good one from a bad one. But motion picture players have learned caution and in general they are stepping slowly and are being pretty well guided. The mistake they usually make, however, is in thinking that they can learn to sing or speak in a week or two. It can't be done.

Two interesting people I have heard about are director Paul Sloane and his wife. Mr. Sloane is taking six months of his time and financing his own trip to New York to study every method of sound picture production of any importance now in existence. It will set him back about $25,000. but he feels that it will be worth many times that amount to his work. His wife, long a student and teacher of voice production, is coming into her own in Hollywood. She already has Olive Borden, Mary Brian, Carmel Myers, Sue Carol, Marian Nixon and Nancy Carroll numbered among her pupils.

Vilma Banky, John Gilbert, Norma Shearer, Janet Gaynor—and oh, just dozens of others are going in for voice culture, but the one thing they all have to work out is a new voice technique. Breath control is important, the most important thing there is, diction is equally important. These two things perfected, a different method of production will have to be experimented with.

The players that have had experience with sound pictures all say the same thing. They didn't recognize their voices. Robert Edeson wouldn't believe it at all at first.

Hobart Bosworth declares that screen actors have no more to fear than stage actors had when they first went on the screen. There is a new set of rules to learn, that is all. Greater simplicity will be required. He thinks the brittle, staccato voice with crisp, clear diction will be most successful. When he first heard his own voice he said, "My God, is that what I sound like?" and realized that all the old tricks learned on the stage would have to be discarded. The fact that he knew them helped, but he would have to forget them, make them invisible, use them only as a sculptor uses his tools. The finished statue doesn't show the steps by which it climbed to beauty.

Esther Ralston confided her fear to Mr. Bosworth and he asked her what on earth she had to be afraid of. Her voice is like silver and her diction clear and clean. He also said another interesting thing. That there are as many screen actors with good voices as there are stage actors with good

voices. Some stage actors have terrible voices and slurred diction, particularly the modern ones who have not had the advantage of blank verse training. You can almost count the beautiful voices of the stage. And it is true, when you really think about it.

At an interesting dinner given by the Association of Women Press-Agents, Conrad Nagel and Fred Niblo gave very strong talks in promotion of talking pictures. Conrad Nagel is especially eager for their advancement. Mr. Niblo feels that the actor will have far greater freedom of expression for if he has talents other than acting, such as playing or singing, his performance will be added to greatly.

Edmund Lowe is delighted that some of the very talented people who, because their profile didn't register 100 percent, were denied pictures, will now have a chance. His theory is that the new order of things will eliminate from the screen people who merely walk through a scene like beautiful statues. It will take feeling and understanding on the part of the actor to do a good job in a sound picture. It will require a finer type of acting than either the stage or screen has so far demanded.

Doris Kenyon and May McAvoy are both fascinated by their new work. May hesitates to have her voice trained because she knows that too much volume would be terrible and she is experimenting with a system of her own. Doris Kenyon thinks her greatest stumbling-block will be the time pauses between sentences. She is not yet used to them. The terrific heat is also hard to get on with. In a closed set with the fourth side a bank of incandescents, the heat is almost what a stoker on an ocean liner has to bear. Ten minutes is the longest scene taken because of this.

Richard Bennett was much amused because he had to speak standing still, take a few steps and then speak again. It was like the old days of the theatre when, after a long speach, the actor swept majestically down front as though he had done something marvellous. This will no longer be a handicap because in *The Home Towners* Warners will install a device that will permit the actor to talk and walk at the same time.

Estelle Taylor is not so interested in talking pictures as she is in television which she thinks will be popular soon. Talking pictures will be shown in every home through television and people won't bother to go to the theatre—maybe.

Richard Dix has still another slant on what talking pictures will do for the industry. He says that it will require greater cooperation on the part of every department, and that it is a life saver for pictures. Everyone, actors included, was becoming bored with progries (program pictures). Before a scene was taken the director told the actor what to do and he went and did it. Stifling a yawn he would tell the girl that he was dated up that evening to play tiddledewinks with his grandmother. He didn't know what bearing this scene had on the rest of the story, and truth to tell he didn't care. And in most cases the picture looked just about that exciting on the screen. Talking pictures will do away with this indifference in program pictures. The scenes will have to be rehearsed. Lines will have to be learned and some knowledge of what it is all about will be shared by everyone.

No, the talkers are not just a novelty. They are here to stay. In spite of all the awful sound pictures we are going to see and hear in the next two years until they have, so to speak, gained their sea legs, we will bear with them because this new invention overcomes another limitation. The limitation that you can't see people and hear people at the same time unless you are face to face with them in the flesh. And whatever gives the lie to a limitation of the physical sense has in it a grain of Truth. And nothing can stop even a grain of Truth from living.

All that remains now is the expansion and perfection of this new art.

SCREENLAND next month will have the latest and most interesting news about Talkers from the greatest staff of writers in Hollywood—Rob Wagner, Grace Kingsley, Martin Martin, Marion of Hollywood and Helen Ludlam.

I Want to Be a Bad Girl — *Continued from page 17*

And don't ever let anybody tell you that history or motion pictures can be made by sitting at home. You may be a hot number but the world has to know it. What all good girls need is a little bad advice. Cleo stepped out in public and retained her quiet ways in private. She kept her virtue to herself and flaunted her colorful career to the world. And what a success she was! She has had more publicity than any vamp in the world. Look at Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park. That's publicity that money can't buy. Who wants to buy a needle, anyway?

If all these little charmers lived in our day they would be movie stars. This is a great age. A colorful cutie can go into pictures, let off steam at the studio and, after the whistle blows, retire into a private life as pure and painful as that of our dear late queen. Today a girl can be as bad as she pleases—and get paid for it. She can be a siren all day and turn into an esteemed citizen as soon as she cold-creams the make-up from her face. She can lead a double life in a nice, clean way. A great game, the movies.

A girl can work off all her surplus energy acting in pictures. Especially now that she can yell her head off if she feels that way. Nell Gwyn used to bawl out poor King Charles because, having retired from the stage, she had to have some outlet for those colorful emotions of hers. Today a clever movie star can give vent to temperament on the set and win a bouquet instead of losing a bonus.

Movie girls may be as good as gold in private life as long as it doesn't show on the screen. It is practically a part of a charmer's contract that she indulge in a little loose living before the cameras. The customers are not paying at the box-office to watch her knitting little booties. They want to see her outwitting other cuties. And she strives to please.

Hollywood was in a Will Hays there for a while. The little California village that the tabloids loved to talk about as the 20th Century Babylon and what not was turning into a Nine O'Clock Town, and not Spanish, either. Well, it *is a* Nine O'Clock Town. But do you want to hear about it? I don't. I love to think of my favorite movie stars out there enjoying themselves as I would like to enjoy myself if I knew how. Why, anybody can go home and to bed with a good book. What a waste in a town containing Greta, and Jack, and Pola, and Lupe! Let the boys and girls retire early and rise at dawn if that's what they want to do. But why tell us all the harrowing details? Why not let us retain our little illusions? Those of us who stopped believing in Kris Kringle years ago still want to believe in Greta Garbo. Let us have one little mystery left. When I see a publicity picture of Garbo playing tennis or petting a Pekingese then I will know that all is lost. I'll give up. But not without a struggle.

What do you think of when you watch Greta Garbo? Stop. Don't tell me. I know. Greta makes you think of things that don't ordinarily crop up in your daily dull round of duties. Greta puts the old mind up to mischief. Greta leads us motionally astray—she put the roam in romance.

She is Color incarnate. There are others. If I were asked to make a list of the most colorful girls in Hollywood—chorus of "Please do!"—I would include: Greta Garbo, Clara Bow, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Dolores del Rio, Lya de Putti. This is my own private list. You can make out your own. Now, what makes them colorful?

There are other stars as successful, as charming, as gifted. But they lack what these girls possess—that smashing, between-the-eyes, below-the-belt, breath-taking appeal. They hit you. They make you feel silly. You love them.

And the irresistible quality that makes you love them can't be bounded by mere sex-appeal. It is sex appeal—plus. It's the way Clara Bow looked at Richard Arlen with big tears in her eyes when she begged him to go straight in *Ladies of the Mob*. Greta Garbo yearning over her baby in *Love*. Del Rio warming back to life again as she danced in the last scenes of *Ramona*. That's not plain, unvarnished sex appeal. It's color—the color that makes for fascination, whether in joy or sorrow, passion or prayer. I hope you are not color blind.

Once, actresses longed for respectability. That was because they didn't have any. No wonder; the poor girls were Tom, Dick and Harried all over the place. They were sick and tired of seeing eyebrows rise and elbows nudge wherever they went. They had to live down the stigma attached to 'the profession' from earlier times. In Shakespeare's day all the women's parts were played by men. Gradually women crept in, as women have a way of doing. But their way wasn't easy. Then, slowly, the pendulum swung the other way—try and stop that old pendulum. Stars like Maude Adams and Julia Marlowe and Ellen Terry were revered and respected. That was all right. But when movies came in, and stars began to settle down just like any other business people—that took the kick out of the whole thing. I, for one, began to wish that once in a while one of

these awfully refined movie girls would kick up her heels and make violent whoopee. I still think a little more whoopee in the right place would help. Get gay, girls. Imprudence at any price—for publication. Let's have a little life and laughter. Color, if you please.

Be good at home, sweet kids—if only you have that delicious aroma of romance around you when you make your personal appearances. Because romance—colorful, picturesque—is what we crave and what we remember. It is Clara Bow of the flaming red hair and mocking eyes and bare legs—who caused the college youth to attempt suicide, who has a long list of broken engagements and a longer list of broken hearts; who races down the Boulevard in a racy car, who poses in one-piece bathing suits for posterity—that's the Clara who attracts; not the real Clara, the self-made Brooklyn girl whose old-fashioned father censors her dates.

We love Greta, the siren—that sloe-eyed, swift-lipped, mysterious Swedish cyclone; strange combination of fire and ice—who, rumors say, Mauritz Stiller, her Columbus, famous director in Scandinavia, loved so that, when he found he could not direct her American destinies, either on or off the screen, he left Hollywood to go back home—a sadder and wiser man; who is loved so passionately by John Gilbert, Hollywood's leading Don Juan; who confounds the producers with her subtle ways;—not the real Garbo, that lonely, unhappy girl in a strange land, who at first pined away from home-sickness; who kept to herself and whose heart was broken when a cable from Sweden told her of the sudden death of her beloved little sister whom she had expected to send for.

It is Dolores del Rio the exotic Mexican beauty of the hot scenes of *What Price Glory* and *Loves of Carmen* that we applaud, although admitting her dramatic power in *Resurrection* and *Ramona*. Dolores, the Mexico City society belle who conquered Hollywood in less than a year; who one moment was decrying divorce as an American custom she could not understand—and the next was divorcing her Spanish husband, Jaime, because career and matrimony don't mix; who, according to report, is going to marry her director, Edwin Carewe—rather than Dolores the cultured and brainy, who speaks a half dozen languages expertly, who lives with her mother, who never stops studying, who is aiming, they say, at the stage.

Pola Negri made a new definition of *Passion* when she gave us the Du Barry film with Jannings. She stood, to America, for everything continental. You heard of her magnificent jewels, her imported gowns, her vivid temperament—and didn't you love it? I did. I wanted to believe that Pola was fiery, tempestuous. It met my ideal of her. But how about the Pola who finds time to read books? How about the Pola who is sincerely in love with her young husband, the Prince? When she went to Europe not so long ago, stories flew back that she was about to divorce the Prince in Paris. Instead of recalling their devotion, the world jumped at the suggestion and believed the break. Why? Because Pola the sweetheart is more colorful, more in keeping with the Pola of pictures, than the wife who, in the European tradition, they say defers to her husband in many matters.

It is Gloria, the thrice-married and twice divorced; Gloria, the girl who helped make golden bath-tubs famous; who went to Paris to make a picture and brought back a Marquis; who changed her weird haircut every few months—who is the Swanson the world adores. The other—the real Gloria—is a domestic woman who supervises every detail of the upbringing of her two children. The one particular in which Gloria has always been eager to avoid publicity is in connection with her babies. She will not allow her own little girl or her adopted son to be photographed. For this commendable reticence she has been criticized. We want—color!

Lya de Putti wriggled her toes in *Variety*, and the world wriggled in ecstasy. Cleopatra should have looked like Lya and if she didn't it was her own hard luck. A continental charmer, they said Lya was, who had made crowned heads see stars; who, next to Jannings, was the best movie box-office attraction in Europe (incidentally, she still is); who had a record list of conquests and a reputation for temperament of the very hottest variety. Well, de Putti came over. And when I saw her I had a real shock. Where was the siren I had heard about? Not in this little girl who went in for flat-heeled shoes and simple sports clothes; who was really shy and sweet; and who, at the premier of her first American movie, burst into tears. Far from sophisticated, Lya is almost naive. She is a child of nature—eager, wistful, impish. All of her well-known wickedness is confined to the screen. And they have even tried to take that away from her in this so-pure America. It is only in the past few months that Lya has been really happy over here. She has made *The Scarlet Lady* and it is the one American-made film with which she is satisfied. In it, she has a chance to be both good and bad—she plays a dual role.

Then there's Lupe Velez—that hot tamale. Lupe is the most colorful kid you can imagine—especially her vocabulary. At first glance you would believe the blessed worst of Lupe. But when you know her—just a nice, unspoiled kid, living with her mother. Mae Murray of the twinkling toes and rumored fickle heart is now a home-body, having a baby son, they say. And so it goes.

When you think of the success of Swanson, and Negri, and del Rio, and Garbo—is it any wonder that the wide-eyed babies of Hollywood are beginning to sit up and say: "I wish I was wicked?" They are acquiring color as fast as they can, for screen purposes. Because, bless their hearts, they are all clever girls out there. They must be clever or they wouldn't be out there. A clever girl thinks ahead. She is always self-possessed. No matter how fussed she may be you'll never catch her trying to light her lipstick or make up her lips with her cigarette. The clever miss never misses. She always files her love letters, especially the rough ones. She knows that engagement ring in a man's voice. And the Hollywood girls aren't going to be caught napping now. They are learning to talk fast. Maybe they have heard what Byron said—good old Byron, he started all this necking business with that open shirt of his—

"The Devil hath not, in all his quiver's
choice,
"An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice."

That settles it!

Hello Parties of Pictureville—*Continued from page 32*

The party was being given at the Gables Beach Club by Jackie Saunders, and Shirley Dorman and Claire Windsor had consented to model.

We found a mob of girls already gathered on the bright terrace overlooking the sea, chattering away for dear life. Ona Munson, of musical comedy fame, had come rather early, she said, because she wanted to take a little walk on the beach. She is married to Eddie Buzzell, also of musical comedy, but both of them are staying in the west to work in Fox's Movietone.

Phyllis Haver showed up soon, telling us about her New York trip, and how she just simply never went to bed while she was in the east.

"Phyl's long engagement to Steve Gossoon, art director and architect, is broken off, I hear," confided Patsy. "I understand from friends of hers that he made her very unhappy by his jealousy."

Phyllis was as smiling as ever, although I know that the break did hurt her, the romance having been of long standing.

Doris Arbuckle came in, looking pretty as usual. She and Roscoe Arbuckle have parted, but Doris says that nothing so far has been done about a divorce between them. No matter what their differences, you never hear Doris say an unkind thing about her husband.

Mabel Normand trailed in a bit late, and so did Mrs. Tom Mix, who by the time this is published will be in Paris. And there were Ona Brown, Mrs. Lillian Asher, Mrs. Tom Miranda Kathleen Clifford and Estelle Taylor.

Billie Dove, wearing one of those pretty fluffy-ruffles things, as is her custom, breezed in last of all, and then Jackie Saunders led the way to the airy luncheon room on the terrace, where we all sat down at a long table.

Claire Windsor, Shirley Dorman and Jackie Saunders, as soon as they had lunched, disappeared to put on some of the gowns that Irene, one of the new fashion experts of Hollywood, had brought down, and they proved themselves naturally supermannequins, while we all had a lot of fun kidding them as they walked along. They kidded back:

"Isn't this slick?" demanded Shirley Dorman in a whisper, as she trailed past Patsy in a wonderful black lace evening gown. "I'm going to put the price up!"

After luncheon and the fashion show, some of us, including Mabel Normand and Phyllis Haver, went in swimming, while the others went off and played bridge.

"How anybody can play bridge on a heavenly day like this at the beach, I can't see!" exclaimed Phyllis, who was looking awfully cute in her sky-blue bathing suit, which was meant for wear just the same and wasn't one of the sort you have dry-cleaned. "Besides, when I work at anything as hard as I work at bridge, I want to get money for it!"

"Some of them do!" retorted Mabel, as she prepared to take a dive through a high breaker.



I Lost My Big Chance

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So that's why my promotion was being held up! It was with mixed feelings of anger and disappointment that I heard those words floating over the transom, sounding the death knell of my fondest hopes. At first I was bitter. They didn't appreciate my loyalty, my hard work. They wouldn't give me a chance to show my real ability.

But a few days of hard thinking snapped me out of it. The bitter truth was that they were right. I *was* lacking in poise and self-confidence. I *did* get embarrassed and timid when talking to business superiors. No wonder they felt I couldn't dominate a whole department or address business conferences.

Yet what could I do about it? Weren't these faults part of my natural makeup? That's what I thought—until one day, while thumbing through my favorite magazine, I came across an ad that I had often noticed. It told about the highly regarded work being done by the North American Institute in helping such men as me. "The important positions in business today", quoted this article, "are awarded to men who can dominate others by the power of effective speech." No one knew this any better than I did—now!

One reading of the free booklet they sent me—*How to Work Wonders with Words*—changed my whole conception of my speaking ability. For it described a home training so amazingly simple, practical and effective that anybody could now realize its benefits. It revealed the true causes of timidity, bashfulness, stage fright—and how to overcome them. It explained certain principles of speech that anybody could use to hold an audience in rapt attention.

I wouldn't have believed such improvement was possible, if it hadn't happened to me. Unconsciously I began to apply these principles in business matters. Soon I noticed that people were paying more attention to my opinions. Recognition and promotions followed fast. Three months later, the opportunity I had missed presented itself again. This time I was ready—I won! And my new found talent has also made me a popular after dinner speaker at civic functions, and a much invited guest at social affairs.

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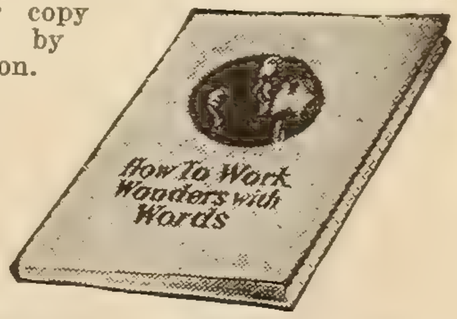
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The Newest Picture Girl—Ruth Elder

Continued from page 15

been mobbed by admiring and curious thousands; she has been lauded and criticized for her courageous flight; but not once has an account been given of the factors that determined this slip of a girl to attempt a feat with chances a thousand to one against her.

When Ruth Elder came to Hollywood, the film colony took two looks to make sure their eyes were not deceiving them and then gasped in unison. What they saw was a small, very slender girl with large, smoky, gray eyes, dusky, brown hair that curled disarmingly, and a mouth that was camera-perfect. What they heard was a very soft, slightly husky voice, peppered delightfully with southern drawl, and a graciousness of manner, whose sincerity could not be doubted.

No grim determination here—no ultra-modern young woman looking for thrill—no super-cynic—no smart-cracker—no jazz baby.

Ruth Elder was created by the gods, I am sure, to grace a mansion with pillared verandas, tropical gardens, many servitors. She is the epitome of luxuriant southern charm and allure.

Being a true daughter of the old south, it is not surprising that Ruth Elder brings poignant memories of the mint julep days. She was born September 8, 1905, in Anniston, Alabama, one of six children.

We would like to continue this story in the usual manner, i. e., Miss Elder was reared on an old plantation, with luxury and beauty surrounding her youth—but we cannot. The Elders were frankly poor. Ruth proudly relates having worked at odd jobs while attending school to aid her parents. The Elders were drawn affectionately closer by their reverses instead of becoming aliented by them.

The children (five boys and Ruth) often spent evenings planning what they would do for one another when golden opportunity poured glorious gifts into their waiting hands. There would, of course, be a new and better home for the family in Anniston; there would be college for all of them; there would be this bit of longed-for luxury for one, that cherished hobby for the other.

None of the children sensed opportunity when Ruth received an invitation to visit an aunt at Balboa, Panama, as a high-school graduation gift. Everyone helped gather what seemed to them a staggering wardrobe, so that 'sister' could go to Panama in style.

With tears and promises, she tore herself away from the family she loved so dearly, laughing a bit between tears to call back from the moving train—"Cheer up, I might find a gold mine in Panama."

Ruth didn't find a gold mine in Panama, but something that brought a few of the old dreams true to that group of brothers in Anniston.

After eight months in Panama, she returned with her aunt to Lakeland, Florida, where she started to study dental hygiene. Through mutual friends at Lakeland she met George Haldeman, instructor of aviation, and was taken by him on her first airplane flight.

That first flight planted the seed of a new ambition: to become an aviator. She loved the air, thrilled to it. It lifted her, went like a surging tonic through her soul. She started immediately with a course of flying lessons and in a remarkably short space of time was a capable pilot.

On the day that Lindbergh took off on his history-making flight from New York to Paris, Ruth Elder won a beauty contest at Lakeland, a bit of coincidence that brought opportunity on speaking terms with this plucky southern girl.

A Lakeland citizen in a moment of civic pride suggested that a trans-Atlantic flight by Lakeland's beauty and only aviatrix would bring fame and honor to the name of Elder and the home town.

Ruth Elder did not take the suggestion seriously at first, but her friends did. They cited the fame, adulation and possibility of wealth that would be hers if the hop were successful. Ruth Elder is courageous, with the courage with which the pioneer women were so generously endowed, and the idea of a gamble with fate appealed to her. But Ruth is also young and beautiful with the world and life lying temptingly before her.

Fame, wealth on one side—death, oblivion on the other.

Thus the scales swayed uncertainly, while Ruth Elder tried to reach a decision. When she placed her family, waiting for her in Anniston, on the scales that held fame and wealth, she found that it outweighed by a long margin the side bearing death and disaster. It was then that Ruth Elder made known her plan to play with Fate and extract, if she won, something for the family she loved.

The rest is history.

Rest assured that the brothers and parents in Anniston have been remembered and are now residing in that new home planned for them.

But Fate was not finished with Ruth.

During a vaudeville tour of the country immediately following her flight, Miss Elder received an invitation to visit the Paramount Studios in Hollywood and take a screen test. She accepted with enthusiasm. The next day she signed a contract. The smoky eyes, the dusky hair, the upturned, expectant mouth proved verdant screen material.

Richard Dix met Ruth Elder, before the ink was dry on the contract—turned on his heels, demanded an audience with the studio executives, and put in his claim for the young lady to play the lead opposite him in his next picture, *Moran of the Marines.*

At this writing Ruth Elder is on location in San Diego, where the most exciting sequences of her first picture are being made. She will pilot an airplane through enough footage to give the fans an idea of how a beautiful bit of femininity looks when confronted with the grim business of keeping a mass of flying machinery under control.

Richard Dix, who has never before gone on record as an oracle, has been very definite in his statements concerning Miss Elder's future success and appeal on the screen—these statements, by the way, are all affirmative.

We just had a moment the other day to ask Ruth Elder what she intended to do with her brand-new pay checks from the studio. Without a moment's hesitation, she replied that as soon as the production was completed she will take a train for Anniston, and take a much-needed vacation with the Elder family.



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INVARIABLY, every time I bring home the new issue of YOUR BODY, my daughter makes a rush to capture it. I don't stand a chance of getting it back until she has digested its entire contents. Of course I have to be reasonable. I realize that, much as I want to read it, the contents of YOUR BODY is of great value in teaching her the real truth of life. I know that each issue is practically an endless source of information on sex, prevention and care of diseases, the senses and the normal functions of nature as related to our bodies. All of this worth-while knowledge is of great importance in forming a basicly firm character in adolescent children. That is the reason I willingly share my newspaper with my wife and wait patiently until Madeline, having read every page, grudgingly hands it back. However, in the future, I have a little scheme that will make it possible for her and me to read YOUR BODY at the same time. I am going to buy two copies; then I won't have to wait.

* * * *

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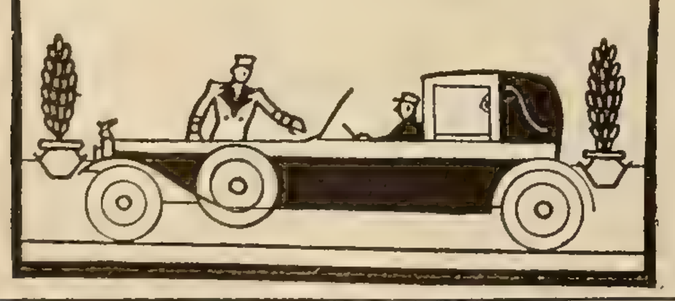
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Harrisburg Pennsylvania

Lois Wilson — *Continued from page 19*

Will De Mille saw in her the qualities that he liked and bravely cast her in the leading roles of such successes as *Lulu Bett* and *What Every Woman Knows*. There are two directors in Movieland that every actor and actress wishes to work with—Lubitsch and William De Mille, two of the greatest masters of the drama in motion pictures. An engagement with either one is like taking a post-graduate course in dramatic technique, and Lois Wilson's training with William placed her very near to stardom.

Then came her great chance. She was cast for the part of Molly in *The Covered Wagon*, a picture that, even to the surprise of the studio itself, was destined to sweep the country. Molly was an old-fashioned girl! Furthermore, this triumph came just as the candy-kids were in the decline of their popularity.

Curiously enough, the pendulum of popular taste did not swing back from jazz to simple maidenhood. On the contrary, it continued violently in the same direction. Almost overnight blonde shavings were cut to boyish bobs, fluffy ruffles were stripped to near-nudity, and gum was discarded for gin. With the birth of the flapper came the avalanche of Flaming Youth pictures throwing Lois Wilson's hard-earned old-fashioned stardom into almost total eclipse. Jesse Lasky, with his well-known loyalty, tried vainly to cast his young charge in flapper roles, but Lois was about as convincing in such characterizations as Clara Bow playing a nun or Conrad Nagel impersonating a gangster.

Dropping to character parts, the gin-greased skids finally landed Lois at the bottom—she was cast in westerns! Her star was setting. In 1927 she made but four pictures. Though loyal fans kept writing and sending gifts to the old-fashioned beauty of yesteryear the flaming handwriting on the wall so eloquently spelt disaster that Lois Wilson decided to try another road to fame. She joined Edward Everett Horton and Maude Fulton at the Vine Street Theatre in stock. She was lost to the screen forever.

Forever? That is a long time in this changing world. Nowhere are flip flops so sudden as in America. Almost over night occurred two of the suddenest changes ever recorded in Movieland. The flapper died. And the Talkers were born. Clara Bow, erstwhile High Priestess of Flap, wrote the final death blow of gin-girls by playing with consummate artistry a moll in *Ladies of the Mob*, and Al Jolson proved in one picture that the 'dumbies' could become articulate. The flames of youth are at this moment utterly quenched as far as Hollywood is concerned. And the silences of our film dramas are now to be punctuated and punched with every sound of a noisy world.

With these two sudden problems confronting them the bewildered producers began to look around for actresses equal to the dual demands—womanly women with stage-trained voices. Every one of them saw Lois Wilson at once. Under the splendid direction of Horton and Fulton she had proven her stage technique and beautiful voice. Certainly in the switch to the girl of character she was 'just the type.'

Lois Wilson made a Vitaphone one-act playlet with Edward Everett Horton—*Miss Information*. She was so good in it that Warner Brothers have signed her as the feminine interest opposite Monte Blue in a speaking special, *Conquest*.

Yes, dear fans, your old-fashioned girl is returning!

Marion Byron, Clownette

Continued from page 52

elated at the charming work of the petite leading lady of the picture.

Hastening to the nearest telegraph office, he wired the studio general manager to locate the girl, and to place her under long-term contract. It took but a few moments to find her—she was Marion Byron, well-known in Los Angeles stage circles, and so she became the proud possessor of one of those documents about her own length, with two impressive and comforting signatures at the bottom.

So, it took an entire trip around the world, to find a girl practically on the studio doorstep—but that's the movies, all over.

Anyway, Marion has been working assiduously ever since, as leading lady in the Roach Star Comedies. She is to the manor born, too, when it comes to a human portrayal of the more ludicrous things of life. There is something about her remindful of Mabel Normand, both in physical specifications and comic technique, and those who have had an opportunity of watching her at work, predict a most brilliant future for the little girl.

Only seventeen years of age, she is a native of Dayton, Ohio, and received various sessions of education in the schools of Dayton, Denver and Detroit. She is at present studying under a private tutor.

Marion enjoyed her stage debut at the age of 13, in *Patsy*, a very successful Los Angeles production, and followed that by an engagement with Fanny Brice in the Hollywood Music Box Review, in which show Roach first found Lupe Velez. At 15, this astonishing miss played the lead in the coast production of *Tip-Toes*, and later appeared in *The Cradle Snatchers*, and *The Strawberry Blonde*, in Los Angeles.

Her twinkling toes and shapely limbs therefore need no introduction to western theater-goers, and her stage experience is counted upon as a great asset when Hal Roach begins making his comedies 'audible,' with dialogue, which 'won't be long, now.'

This funny little damsel did her first picture work as the leading lady for Buster Keaton in *Steamboat Bill, Jr.*, and followed that by the leading feminine role in *Plastered in Paris*.

Roach, the astute young producer, knows a player when he sees one. He started such favorites as Bebe Daniels, Harold Lloyd, Fay Wray, Janet Gaynor, Olive Borden, Will Rogers, and many others, on their upward cinematic climb.

And Miss Marion Byron, who resembles nothing quite so much as a naughty little girl, with a saucy flirt of the tousled head, expresses herself as more than satisfied that it was this particular producer who realized her possibilities.



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My methods of personal magnetism should enable you to achieve your fondest ambitions. They will give you individuality, show you how to acquire a vibrant, charming voice, a fascinating manner. With the power of personal magnetism at your command, you will be enabled to go through life supremely happy—reaping the glowing rewards which a magnetic personality—and only a magnetic personality can give you.

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Publicity — *Continued from page 67*

press sheet is prepared on each picture to aid the exhibitor with his local advertising campaign. It contains news items about the players appearing in the cast, interesting publicity angles on the picture and a proof of the various scene cuts and ad cuts available to the exhibitor at his local exchange.

In the midst of all my duties, Sally Phipps and Nick Stuart arrived in New York to make exterior shots for *The News Parade.* Sally had an engagement with a Fifth Avenue photographer. "Would I escort her?" Before the boss could change his mind, I was out of the office and on my way to the Park Central Hotel where the little lady was registered. A telephone call to her suite brought forth the thrilling information that she had been expecting me and would be down in ten minutes. "Would I mind waiting?" Ten minutes extended into twenty but it seemed like at least an hour to a rather excited movie fan suddenly wafted into the magic land peopled by movie actors and actresses.

The air was tense and charged with electricity. I was going to meet a movie star. Better than that, I was to escort her around New York during her stay! Suddenly, from the elevator stepped the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Perfect features topped by bronze colored hair; a face the color of white roses illuminated by big, brown eyes and garnished with two cherry-red lips that parted in a dazzling smile.

With a look of recognition mixed with a mute display of unconscious admiration, I stepped forward and, after trying to stammer a greeting, heard her saying, "Howdy do, I'm Sally Phipps." As if I had to be told! Maybe it was the tone of her voice, cheerful and friendly, or maybe it was the way she smiled but, in any event, I soon found myself perfectly at ease and being introduced to a youthful, remarkably good looking lady who, I was surprised to learn, was Sally's mother. She had intended to fade out of the picture but we both insisted that she come along and how glad I am that she did, for Sally's mother is the liveliest and most pleasant kind of company.

So, together we taxied to the photographer where Sally posed for at least fifty "shots" at the direction of a cameraman enthused by her youthful beauty. That ordeal over, we bundled into another taxi and drove to the Algonquin for lunch. My previous visit to that famous place had been for the purpose of spotting celebrities; now I was lunching with one, and what a difference it made! All heads were turned our way, admiring glances greeted Sally's every gesture, and the meal ended in a triumphant march through the crowded dining-room back to the spacious lobby. This was only the beginning of a series of luncheon, dinner and after-dinner engagements which took us to the principal dining-out places of New York.

In between times, I managed to go with Nick Stuart to see *Four Sons* and on a tour of inspection of the spacious Roxy Theatre (which thrilled that enthusiastic young man more than anything else) for which he reciprocated by including me in a small theatre party that his friend, Ben Lyon, gave in honor of Marilyn Miller. Needless to say, the show was *Rosalie,* featuring the bewitchingly blonde Miss Miller.

Meanwhile, Margaret Mann, known as the "60 year old Cinderella" by reason of her wonderful performance as Mother Bernle in *Four Sons,* had arrived in town and I enjoyed several very interesting conversations with this remarkable woman who, after a life-time of struggle, has suddenly become famous. She is sweet and gentle and utterly devoid of all affectation. She is distinguished in appearance and her voice is soft and low (of a lullaby softness) with a delicious Scottish burr that is music to all who hear it. The night before Margaret Mann left to return to Hollywood we attended together a performance of *Mother Machree* in which she had first attracted the attention of John Ford, the director. As it came close to the scene in which she had appeared Margaret Mann clutched her program tightly and gazed intently at the screen but in vain, for the performance which had lead to a starring role had been cut out when the film was edited!

While managing my little movie "shooting gallery" out in Paoli, a suburb of Philadelphia, I had often admired Estelle Taylor's brilliant screen portrayals. Therefore, you can imagine the thrill I experienced on having lunch with her in her sumptuous hotel suite, in pursuit of a story!
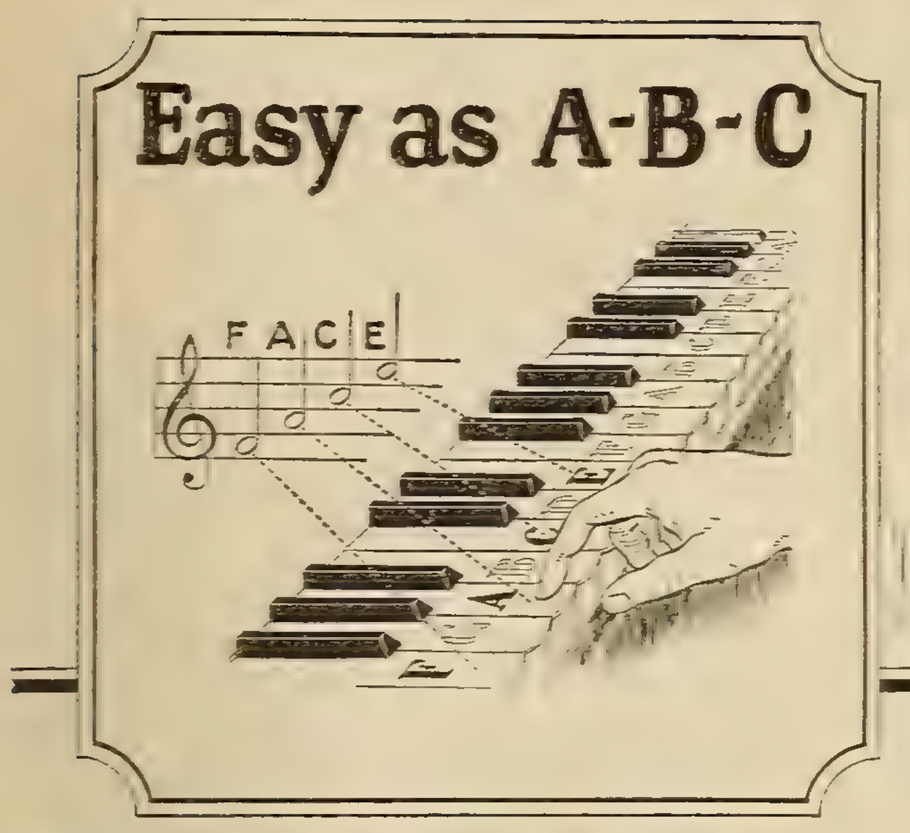
Then I met Janet Gaynor, that delectable little morsel who shot into fame with the first ray of *Sunrise* and repeated in *7th Heaven* and *Street Angel.* In between, I had caught fleeting glimpses of Mary Astor, June Collyer, Greta Nissen and Francis X. Bushman, Jr. when they dropped in for a hurried visit; I had breakfasted with Francis X. Bushman *pere* but let us get back to Miss Gaynor, for she's my favorite topic of conversation.

First of all, she is very much as she appears in pictures only more vivid, confident and finished. I was surprised to note that her hair is reddish gold and that she is very slender. When I happened to mention the latter fact she explained that she was padded in *Sunrise.* And most film stars have to reduce!

Our place of meeting was the extremely large and luxuriously furnished studio of Emil Fuchs, the noted sculptor and artist, where a tea was in progress for the purpose of introducing Miss Gaynor to New York society and, more important, the New York press and fan magazines. I was very proud to learn that Janet Gaynor was born close to my own birthplace in Philadelphia and that she still retained a deep affection for that city even though she moved to Chicago at the age of eight years. Her attractive mother was very cordial and told me of the struggles which Janet had in gaining recognition in a field where wistful charm and native ability is usually overlooked because it is so often lost in the blatant crowd of mere beauty that so eagerly storms the gate of an indifferent Hollywood. Janet Gaynor is a paradox. She is not beautiful, yet she is the embodiment of all beauty. Certainly she has imagination and intelligence that would have brought her success in any job she saw fit to attempt. She's a credit to Philadelphia, and to the movies!

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Joan Crawford Now—*Continued from page 37*

ground was an unhappy childhood in Kansas. A rebellion against the daily procession of domestic frays. A running away from home. Arrival in Chicago and, after search, an opportunity to make practical use of her instinctively dancing feet. Finally crashing Broadway and eventually Harry Richman's dancing and singing partner, appearing at his night-club. The journey of Harry Rapf to New York, looking for New Faces. The contest, the tests, and the triumph of Joan. Hollywood.

She arrived under a bombardment of publicity as the dancer from New York. She was eighteen, and too bewildered to be cognizant of what was opening up before her. It was just another job and a new locale. She only hoped it would be fun.

Joan was immediately taken up by the night club faction. It was the element to which she had been accustomed and she was at home. They adored her. She was a beautiful, dizzy kid—ultra flapper—ready of retort—vaguely hard-boiled and awfully cute. And how she could dance!

Everywhere there was an orchestra and coloured lights and popping corks, you would find Joan. You couldn't miss her. She was the life of every party. She craved excitement and when she couldn't find it, she made it.

Joan—in gorgeous, slightly exclamatory clothes, her shoulder laden with orchids. Joan—the perpetual nucleus of a swarm of dinner-jackets. Joan—being snatched from one cut-in partner to another during a dance. Joan—alone in the centre of the floor under coloured spotlights, dancing. Her long bob swinging round her flushed cheeks, her revealing sequin dress glittering as she stamped and swayed. People leaving their tables and crowding round the dark edge of the floor, clapping their hands and swaying hypnotically to her rhythm. A final blue crash from the orchestra, yells and cheers from the audience. Joan running back to her table—'Hey, Hey! Now where do we go?'.

She lived in a little apartment. It was full of tricky furniture and jazzy cushions and dancing-cups. She had a 'gang'—kids like herself, looking for a thrill. She spent her salary as soon as she got the envelope, sometimes before. On nothing in particular, but it always vanished immediately.

Naturally, she was the delight of the scandal-strata. The local bridge-tea coterie—wives of the industry—and the jealous damsels whom Joan outshone. Her name, here, was a rich morsel. That bracelet, that wrap, that corsage—we heard that So-and-so—no, he is out now, it must be some one else.

Joan was bound to hear, of course, in the close confines of our incompletely disguised Gopher Prairie. Her friends, too, came to her with the lurid tales, indignant that she should be so grossly misunderstood. They begged her to defend herself.

"Let them talk," Joan replied indifferently. "I should worry if they get a pain in their jaws."

A few friends suggested that since she had the name, she might as well have some of the game. But Joan was prematurely bitter. She didn't care.

"I'll be damned if I'll go to that much bother just to keep them from being liars."

So she played on. She didn't know that she wasn't happy. In the early hours of the morning, when the last night-club had closed, she would come home and cry among the gaudy pillows on her bed. In a hazy way she realized it was partly loneliness. And something else, some subconscious yearning for peace. But she thought it was because she was tired. Hadn't she everything most girls would give their eye-teeth for? Well?

The first jar to her consciousness came with the death of Jerry Chrysler. Jerry was 'one of the gang,' but her special playmate. A gentle, clean-faced youngster of twenty, who worshipped the sparkling Joan. He danced like a collegiate Pan and was the perfect partner for Joan. Everywhere they were given the floor, won contests, were begged for specialty dances. They were so young and graceful and gay.

Joan adored Jerry. Not romantically, but with deep, warm affection. And she was grateful for the idyllic quality of their friendship. Only once did he kiss her—they had won a cup at Montmartre and shyly he kissed her goodnight.

With appalling suddenness, Jerry developed rapid consumption. Joan visited him daily. She laughed and kidded, aching with the effort not to cry under the wistful gaze that devoured her, adoring her. The interval was short and in a few weeks, on a late afternoon, Joan took his head in her arms and kissed him good-bye, just before he lapsed into the coma which drifted into death next day.

Broken and stunned by this tragedy, she didn't know where to turn. After the first shattering weeks, the main thing was not to think. Not to have time to. She was working, but that was still just an automatic routine and the evenings were long and terrible. Books, music, a few real friends about her—these were unknown quantities to Joan. She had no resource but to plunge again into the frantic pursuit of excitement, the only way she knew of staving off melancholy.

She reigned, as before. Just the same—only her laughter was a little brittle, her vivacity desperately intense, her bitterness on the increase. There were hectic infatuations, stormy romances, broken engagements. She danced with the same abandon, but with concealed contempt for the applauding people—with hatred for them, for all people, for everything. Because she was slowly, painfully, becoming *conscious*, she was realizing proportionately her intrinsic unhappiness. And realizing that she was fed up, bored to death.

Gradually her work began to absorb more of her thought. It had been like going to school. She rushed to get to the studio on time, put on a make-up, waited on the set for the director to call her, then faced the camera and did as he told her. After a while, before she herself knew it was there, the directors began to sense the sensitive, intense power buried under the flippancy of this hey-hey girl. Unconsciously, her emotions followed a role accurately. Automatically, she learned technique. The rough edges were smoothed off. The importance of her roles gathered momentum. She became a featured player, with a reputation for deep dramatic instinct.

Here, then, was something she could turn to. Some way of loosing the flood of unhappy, tangled emotions she had kept bottled up so long. At first, the relief of that was paramount. Afterwards, there was the perpetual interest and satisfaction of *expressing* that flood of emotion. Doing it with an intelligent understanding.

With the improvement of her work, the

discovery of the talent to be developed, and—perhaps most of all—her new-found awareness, Joan had her first taste of peace and emotional rest. She still went out a lot, but not because she was running away from herself. She bought a house on a quiet street in Beverly Hills. It is her first real home and has brought her a feeling of security. Security less in a financial sense than as her own impregnable haven. She no longer has urgent need of people, lots of people, about her at all times. She can be alone without being acutely lonely. And she has softened perceptibly, grown gentler.

To use a trite phrase, Joan has found herself. No one is more surprised than she that the flighty, partying dancing-girl is not the real Joan. She herself had always thought that that was her natural *milieu*. It took three years of hey-heying, three years marked out with more than a few hard kicks in the neck, to bring her to the realization of herself. It is doubtful that she will change any more. In the last few months she has reached, at one bound, the mental tranquillity that usually comes not before forty.

And, too, at exactly the psychological moment, just the right thing happened to her. She feel deeply in love with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and he with her. Young Fairbanks is a fine, clean person of brilliant mind and inherent culture. Their romance is too happy to be hectic, the understanding between them complete. They are constantly together—swimming, riding, playing tennis, driving. Very occasionally they go to the Biltmore or the Cocoanut Grove, but early in the evening they have had enough, and leave. Their ventures into society usually consist of attendance at a neighborhood movie—with a drug-store soda afterwards. Through Douglas, Joan has found the world of books and many of their evenings are spent at her home, with Douglas reading to her. They help and advise each other in their work. They are richly happy—and when Joan plays, now, it is not feverishly but with the spontaneous gaiety that is natural to her.

She has become warmly tolerant. Where once she hated and mistrusted all people, she now sees them as kindly. Her bitterness has completely disappeared. And with the memory of the unfair judgments passed against her, she passes judgment upon no one. The great store of tenderness that she formerly held in check, she now lavishes. It is in her thoughts, her opinions and in her happiness.

You will be sure to notice the new Joan in the quality of her work. With each succeeding picture the underlying power is rising nearer the surface. She is in line for the place left vacant by Pauline Frederick. At the present rate, it will be but a short time before she reaches it.

❖ ❖ ❖

THERE is one writer in Hollywood who grew up with the business. He has seen arcs change into Kleigs and Kleigs change into incandescents; extras change into stars and stars change into constellations. Never miss an article by Rob Wagner! SCREENLAND *Every Month.*



"You Must Have Spent *Years* on Shorthand"

"No; I learned it in 6 WEEKS!"

HER employer laughed aloud. "Six weeks! You're joking, Miss Baker. No one could learn shorthand in six weeks."

"But I *mean* it, Mr. Chapman. When I came here to work for you, I had only studied shorthand for *six weeks.*"

The president of the large corporation hesitated; the girl was evidently sincere; she expected him to believe her. But *six weeks!*

"You're fooling, of course, Miss Baker. You have been with us not more than a month and you are by far the most competent secretary I ever had. Surely you don't expect me to believe that you gained your present speed and accuracy in only six weeks! Why,—a great many young ladies who have been here with us had studied shorthand for ten months or a year or more and still they made a great many errors."

"That wasn't their fault, Mr. Chapman. That was the fault of the system they were taught. Old-fashioned shorthand requires months of hard study and practice and even when it is mastered it is difficult to read. But Speedwriting is very easy. I—"

"Speedwriting?"

"Yes. Haven't you ever seen my notes? You can almost read them yourself. See—"

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"Why, this is remarkable, Miss Baker. It's in simple A. B. C's."

"Yes, surely. That's the secret. That's how I learned it in so short a time. *Anyone* can learn Speedwriting. There are only a few easy rules. There are no hooks or curves; every 'character' you use is a letter you already know—one that your hand needs no special training to make."

"And it's called *Speedwriting?*"—Mr. Chapman was more than interested.

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"Well, that's the most remarkable thing I ever heard of. I could use that myself at board meetings and a dozen other places . . . You can write it rapidly too!"

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"Miss Baker, where can I get some literature on Speedwriting? I am very greatly interested. I really believe I'll take it up myself!"

"I answered an advertisement in a magazine and Miss Dearborn sent me a booklet. I'm sure she will send you one if you want it."

"I certainly do. Will you take care of it for me?"

"Yes, sir!"

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In New York — *Continued from page 27*

Gilda is one of the frankest and most refreshing girls I know. She has a good, hearty hand-shake. If she likes you, fine. If she doesn't, you know it; and the only thing for you to do is to crawl out of the presence on hands and knees. She could have stayed out in Hollywood. But all her offers emphasized her dancing. That's why she turned them down.

"I don't want to be thought of as only a dancer," she says. "I want to act! This English picture will be synchronized. I will have a chance to sing and act—and to dance, too. So it answers all my needs and I am very happy about it."

I'm glad all the girls are so happy, aren't you? Gilda's last picture was *The Devil Dancer*, and you know she made a long tour of the country in personal appearances. Yes, little Marianna Michalska who was born on a little farm in Poland, who came to this country and grew up in the middle west, who sang and hoofed in cafes and night-clubs and finally graduated to the Follies and the films—has come a long, long way. Now she is Gilda Gray, the Golden Girl. And I won't be surprised to hear that she has made that roast beef of old England sit up and beg.

* * *

Jack Pickford, who in spite of his real ability and shiny black hair has never seemed to be able to live down the title of 'Mary's brother,' came to town to try out for a leading part in a new stage play. He also said he was going to keep an eye open for a screen story which would be suitable for him and sister Mary to do together—a dream the two have long had. Jack is the apple of Mary Fairbanks' eye, you know, the adored 'kid brother.' As soon as his plane landed in the east—oh, yes, Jack *would* travel by air express; he's a most modern and cosmopolitan young man—he rushed to a telephone to call up Marilyn Miller. These two were wed in 1922 and divorced last year. "We're not thinking of marrying again," said Jack. "We're just good friends." So that's that.

* * *

Fay Wray is the heroine of *The Wedding March*. It was made a long time ago but it is a von Stroheim picture so of course it hasn't been released yet. Fay got impatient and decided to stage another little wedding march, this time on her own. That is, with the assistance of John Monk Saunders, brilliant young author of *Wings* and *Legion of the Condemned*. He and Fay met while he was supervising and she was heroine-ing in *The Legion*. All the time that Gary Cooper was making love to Fay before the cameras, she was thinking of the young man outside the camera lines talking to the director—and watching her. The real love story of that picture was the Saunders-Wray romance.

They were engaged seven months, vigorously denying it all the time—that's the way they do these things in Hollywood. They weren't going to be married for a long time—oh, no. And then Fay was called east to do exteriors on *The First Kiss* in Maryland. And John had to go to Washington to consult with aviation experts on *Dirigible*, his new story. And so—one lovely summer's day in Maryland, on the shore of Chesapeake Bay, Fay Wray became Mrs. John Monk Saunders. It wasn't a wedding a la Hollywood. In fact, no one would ever have suspected that the quiet, shy, pretty little bride was a famous movie star; or the correct, good-looking groom a successful screen writer; or the best man the latest sensation in movie lovers, Gary Cooper. Fay's mother was present, and the scene was the shady lawn of an old estate. Movies seemed far away. The bride would permit no photographs to be taken of the ceremony, though afterwards she was prevailed upon to pose for the camera-men. As soon as *The First Kiss* location scenes were finished the Saunderses went to Washington; and then came to New York, where they honeymooned in a great big suite at the Hotel Plaza, overlooking Central Park. And I want to tell you that Fay and her nice new husband are the kind of people you would like to know. Fay is little and slim and very graceful, with a soft, low, sweet voice. Her adoring husband—you should see the way he looks at her even when there is company present—is handsome enough to be a movie actor; but as a rapidly rising young author he makes a bigger salary than most leading men and he doesn't have to make love to anybody but his own wife. I asked him how he liked watching Fay's love scenes with Gary. He laughed. "That's just acting," said Fay for him. "Gary and I are like brother and sister; he and John are great friends. Motion picture love-making doesn't mean much." Except to the audience, Fay!

She is to be the star of *Dirigible*, Saunders' latest story. He hopes she will always play in his stories. He'll do his best to make his heroines the dearest, sweetest girls in the world so that Fay will be cast to play them! Fay reminds me of Lillian Gish except that she has more *u-m-m-m* in her make-up, if you know what I mean. She has pretty, soft, wavy brown hair, which isn't bobbed. Another movie actress might have succumbed to the temptation of having it 'touched up a bit.' Not Fay. Big melting gray-blue eyes; beautiful white skin with no make-up—absolutely none. You think at first she is a clinging-vine girl, and then she'll deliver herself of some independent or humorous opinion and you change your mind. You'd like Fay and John.

* * *

George Fitzmaurice is the Beau Brummel of movie directors. I don't know any other 'big' director who can boast of a nickname. To almost everybody Fitzmaurice is 'Fitz.' You can't imagine anyone calling D. W. 'Griff' or hailing Cecil deMille as 'Cecie'—but you can imagine calling the dapper, immaculate, charming Frenchman by his charming nickname. He can be dignified enough on the set, but it's a debonair dignity. He looks more like a man about town—one of those elegant individuals that the Sunday supplements love to call 'well-known club-man.' He has *savoir faire* and all those things. Also he is the nicest of all the directors I know. No wonder he makes beautiful pictures. He loves beauty. He studied art in Paris before breaking into pictures as a writer. He is frank to admit he likes to direct beautiful women—certainly he can direct them sympathetically. He brought out hidden fires in Billie Dove's talents in *The Love Mart*. He made Mary Astor snap right up in *Rose of the Golden West*. And now I hear he has directed Dorothy Mackaill and Betty Compson to give the best performances of their careers in *The Barker*. He has a little accent and a little moustache and I never miss going over to

talk to him when he's in town. He is more welcome to me than many a leading man.

"Billie is beautiful," he says, reminiscently. "She has the face of an angel. Consequently she can play only nice girls. The public won't accept her as anything else. Billie herself would like variety occasionally in the form of a part with some color to it; but she must stick to her role. Mary Astor? What, you do not like Mary so much? Why, she is delicious. She is a minx—a tomboy girl. Wonderful humor—pep—dash. She, too, has the Madonna face so it is harder to believe in her in a spirited role. She can act, too.

"Dorothy Mackaill! Ah! There is an actress!"

"Just what is the secret of Mackaill's charm?" I asked this expert.

"Sex appeal," he answered promptly. "She has sex appeal of a quality and quantity equalled by very few girls in pictures. And she is a fine, a very fine actress. I hope to direct her in a Donn Byrne story, *The Changeling*. A fine part for her."

P. S. He got the story. He's doing it now.

The fascinating thing about this Fitzmaurice is that directing is still an exciting game to him. He has never lost his enthusiasm. Maybe it is because he is French. He takes the whole business as a great big, beautiful lark. He's one of the few picture persons who is invited down to the smart Southampton summer colony when he is on a summer visit to New York. Oh, yes—he is all for the sound pictures. Sound is being put into *The Barker*.

There is just one thing I have against George Fitzmaurice. He is responsible for keeping Diana Kane (Mrs. Fitzmaurice) off the screen. She hasn't made a picture in months and it is all his fault. I asked him why.

"One of us had to retire," he said with amused smile. "Two picture people in one family? But you may be sure she will always be my favorite actress!"

* * *

I went to see a beautiful French lady the other night. Such chic; such elegance; such curves! Connoisseurs have gone into ecstasies over her. All the best people know her. She has broken into the rotogravures as often as Mary and Doug and Estelle and Jack. Meet Mlle. Ile de France, flagship of the French Line, and the snappiest baby afloat. She's all done in modern art. She doesn't look like any other old ship. She is in a class by herself. I went to a very special affair on board—the premier of a French picture, *The Legion of Honor*, given by Monsieur Jacques Haik under the auspices of the French Ambassador-poet, Paul Claudel. And of course I went for a tour of inspection. There are gorgeous suites with names such as Versailles, and Beauvais. They are like miniature palaces. Also saw the historic railing where all the famous stars pose with their legs crossed. X marks beauty spot. Wondered which suite Marion Davies was going to occupy on her trip. She sailed the latter part of July for a vacation of the rest of the summer on the continent. I'll wager Marion had the best suite on the ship. Well, she has earned it with *The Cardboard Lover*—and *The Patsy*.

* * *

Don't be surprised if Dorothy Gish makes a big come-back in the Talkers. She is exercising her voice right now trying out a Broadway play; and if the results are satisfactory to her she will probably be one of the stars of the new audibles. For Dorothy off the screen is ten times more piquant and plausible than she ever was

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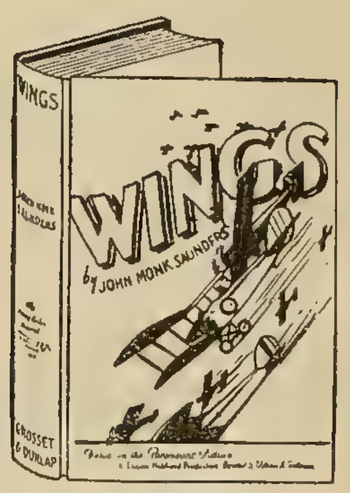
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in pictures—even in *Nell Gwyn*. And today she is prettier, and slimmer, and younger than I ever saw her. She said letters from sister Lillian were awfully interesting. You know Lillian is at the Austrian Castle of Max Reinhardt, working on a story in which she will be directed by the German genius of stage-craft. But Lillian can't speak German and Herr Reinhardt has no English; so it must be fun!

* * *

George K. Arthur sailed away from Europe and almost before I knew it I had a post card from him. I'll pass it on:

"Just arrived at Cherbourg. But haven't spoken a word of French yet. Wouldn't it be pathetic if I didn't get a chance to 'Et vous, Mlle.!' So far have been mistaken for Lupino Lane, Bobby Vernon, and Eddie Buzzell. Hoping for better luck soon."

* * *

June Collyer came to New York thinking she was going to sail for Europe with the David Butler company to make shots for *Chasing the News*. But at the last minute the Fox company decided to keep June over here and send Butler and his technical staff, with only Nick Stuart to hold up the acting end. Seems June made some Movietone tests on the coast and they turned out so swell that the company wants to use her in their sound films—in particular the projected special, *Captain Lash*, which John Ford will direct with June and Victor McLaglen featured, with dialogue. June was not at all disturbed at being told to stay at home. A European jaunt is an old story to her. Her father took her abroad every year with him when he went on combined pleasure-and-business trips. Besides, June wanted to spend as much time with her parents in Manhattan as possible. She is getting to be our best little trans-continental commuter. This devoted family can't bear to be separated for very long.

Rosa Reilly's Reviews

(*Continued from page 51*)

in some intolerable God of Vengeance. Love touches them in the spring of their lives for a few fleeting months, but is drowned in the aftermath of the ceaseless battle for food.

It is from people somewhat similar to these that Raymond Wells has woven his epic picture, *Souls Aflame*. It isn't a picture at all. It's a slice out of life, raw and bleeding. The primitive qualities that Wells has fused into this film—the passions, the ferocities, the hatreds, the intolerances, are comparable to some of the world's finest achievements in literature and music.

The story laid in the Ozark Mountains starts soon after the Civil War when the weary but dauntless 'Rebels' return home. Here we are introduced to the Lillys, and to their daughter who has been disgraced by a son of the Bucks. The ensuing feud between the Bucks and the Lillys causes a fight which embroils both clans and brings the picture to a close on a superb and striking climax.

This film proves that there is real art in the moving picture.

It's the best I have seen in 1928.

LADIES OF THE NIGHT

Lee Moran starred as a pathetic hoofer who doesn't get the girl!

In the film story Lee and Barbara Leonard have for years formed a small-time

vaudeville team. Roomed in the same cheap boarding houses. Cooked their surreptitious breakfasts over the same gas jet. Laughed in their triumphs and wept at their failures.

In true vaudeville fashion, Lee has sheltered and protected Barbara for years. And then she falls in love with Ricardo Cortez, who plays a millionaire role.

Heartbreak for Lee through which he manages to laugh.

Barbara Leonard looked particularly sweet and attractive in her night club scenes. Cortez makes all feminine hearts palpitate as usual. Cissy Fitzgerald as the night club owner brought a little cheer to Lee just when he needed it.

Of all the back-stage pictures which have recently flooded the picture market, this is one of the few that carries conviction.

Lee Moran had a difficult role to play and played it splendidly.

WILD WEST ROMANCE

Just as advertised! Wild, western and romantic!

Rex Bell, the handsome Saddle and Bridle hero from the Fox lot, goes to the mat with a bad-acting white collar lad—all for the love of the minister's gal.

There are two good reasons for not missing this one: (1) The youngster who plays juvenile side-kick to Rex and helps against the gang; and (2) the blood-curdling fight on top of a fast-moving train.

Rex Bell is going to win your hearts. He's a fine-looking cowboy, with a wide, wistful smile.

ON TO RENO

A dog license costs two dollars. A marriage license one. For the sum of eight bits anybody can get married. But getting unmarried—particularly to lose a husband who doesn't want to be lost—that's a more difficult and more expensive matter. If you don't believe it, ask somebody who has tried it. Ask Marie Prevost, for instance. She's the star of this new movie, *On to Reno*. And it seems she has one husband too many.

It's a sort of companionate divorce yarn with a funny climax in a swimming pool where one husband loses his bathing trunks in the shuffle.

James Cruze is the director. And in addition to Marie Prevost, Cullen Landis, Ethel Wales and Ned Sparks do good comedy work.

All women collecting alimony will get a great laugh out of this film. But it won't ring so funny to the men who are paying it.

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERRES

Now first, before you go to see this film, get some good elderly friend of the family to take you out behind the garage and complete your education by singing a few of the unexpurgated verses of the famous war song, "Mademoiselle From Armentierres" to you. Then you'll enjoy the picture much, much better.

It's a good film. A sort of British *Big Parade*. But, doggone it, they've made the heroine who, according to every soldier in the A. E. F., was a red hot mama, a sort of wishwashy lady who drinks nothing but beer and who considers a kiss as good as an engagement ring. Shades of Lorelei Lee!

PROWLERS OF THE SEA

Besides being full of good Bacardi Rum, it seems our little neighbor, Cuba, is just crammed with great big revolutions.

Carmel Myers with her large, dazzling orbs and keen luxurious figure is supposed to lure Ricardo Cortez away from his line of duty long enough to let the comic opera revolutionists slip through a couple of kegs of arms. She falls in love with him and he with her. And in the process of this amorous scene, Cortez forgets duty and is arrested. To save him Carmel offers herself to the general as a hostage. But he isn't that kind of man at all, and sends Cortez and the girl away to be married, if you please.

Yes sir, brutal warfare is getting more humane all the time. If you don't believe it, the platonic general in this picture will prove it to you.

THE LOVES OF JEANNE NEY

On that hot fringe of the world's globe where the scum of the West tries to disguise itself in the color of the East, down Constantinople way a little girl named Jeanne Ney learned what love is. It was a sickening spot to learn anything—surrounded by all the horrors following the Russian Revolution. Night was not the time of darkness and rest but an interval of lunacy when the emigrés tried to drown their terrors in wine, in dancing, in indulgences.

Little Jeanne didn't mind these things. Didn't seem to see them even, until her degenerate uncle forced her to leave her home in the middle of the night. And there in the Crimean blackness, enveloped by everything that would drive a woman to idiocy—or worse—Jeanne experiences her first hour of love.

Inevitably a parting with the lover comes. And here an exquisite scene takes place. In the rain, outside of a deserted graveyard, among hundreds of multi-countried people all fleeing this plague spot of the world, the girl tells her sweetheart farewell. Real passion and heartbeats here.

If you have ever put hundreds of miles between yourself and the person you love, this picture will touch you to the heart.

Most of the names are unfamiliar to you. But Edith Jehanne plays the role of the girl and Uno Henning, the lover. Both are magnificent. Other actors who did unexcelled work are Brigitte Helm, whom you know, Fritz Rasp and A. E. Liche.

GRIP OF THE YUKON

Francis the Virile, Francis the Perennial, strides into the picture once again. Yes, it's the same Francis who used to delight us fifteen years ago—Francis X. Bushman. And the strange part about it is that he is just as appealing today as he was two decades ago. The same broad shoulders, same slim waist and hips, same compelling eyes. When Bushman staged his comeback in *Ben Hur*, he came back to stay.

Bushman's latest picture, *The Grip of the Yukon*, is built up on the old triangle theme. Bushman and Neil Hamilton both love June Marlowe whose father they have accidentally killed in the Yukon. When June comes from the states to hunt her father not knowing of his death, the two men responsible for it are placed in a terrible position.

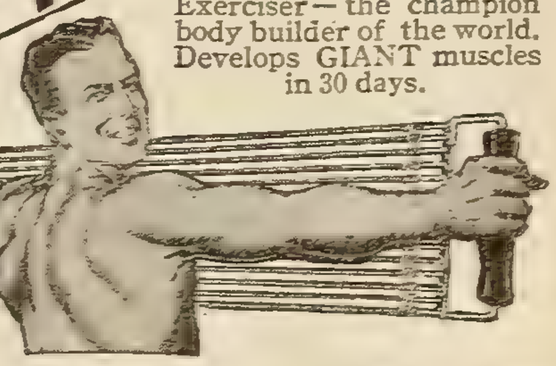
Of course, June falls for Neil, the young and handsome. And Bushman plods off into the snowy dusk leaving his happiness behind.

So far as I am concerned, the wrong man got the girl.

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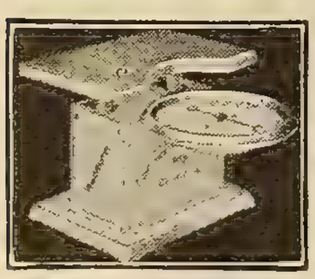
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Location Trips — *Continued from page 29*

lips were drawn back and his long yellow teeth looked inquisitive. Suddenly he stood up and waved wide arms as though he had decided to wrestle. There was nothing for Eddie to do but stand there and hope that things weren't as bad as they looked.

Bud White, John's papa in the business, threw him some grapes of which John is very fond, but the bear evidently had something else planned out for he kept walking closer to Eddie. Bud White is a man of action when John disregards the lure of grapes and in a flash he was up the trail. From behind he slipped a halter around John's neck and soon had him in order. He may not have been dangerous but there is no sense in taking a chance with a bear, Bud thinks.

Three property men put up a 'location shade' consisting of two wooden standards at the top of which was screwed a wooden screen a yard or more square. This was placed over the camera. Another was put over the second camera, to moderate the glare of the sun. Across the way on another boulder Lucian Littlefield ran back and forth from the edge, giving me the creeps every time he tried it, because if his foot had slipped on that particular ledge he would have plunged thirty feet into a bed of rocks.

"All over on the next set," called Al Green, and there was general bustle and excitement of moving shades, platforms, cameras, reflectors and what not, down from that boulder across the tiny gulley and up on another set of boulders. Al Green had apparently looked all the boulders over, and not wanting any of them to feel slighted, was preparing to use each one in turn.

"Hey, Eddie," called Al Green from his perch on the opposite peak one hundred yards across space. "Want to see Loosh do his stuff?" 'Loosh' being Lucian Littlefield.

"We're just going to watch him now," called Eddie, and picking ourselves up we walked to the edge of our boulder. They were rigging Mr. Littlefield with piano wire and a belt and heaven knows what so that if he fell they could pull him back. Piano wire isn't a good bet, though, because if it kinks it breaks like darning cotton, so I was told. It doesn't take much to kink a long wire so I was glad it wasn't me that was tied to the end of it.

Mr. Littlefield was to run to the edge of the rock, give one horrified look behind him, supposedly at the oncoming bear, and plunge into space. Some six feet below he struck a rock on a forty-five degree angle and slid to the bottom, where there was a large rock which he couldn't avoid. It had a sharp ridge at the top which didn't look so comfortable to me.

Mr. Littlefield took the plunge, slid to the bottom and sprawled with some force over the ridged rock.

"Are you hurt, Loosh?" called Eddie who had been terribly concerned throughout the proceeding.

"No, I'm okeh," said Loosh. But he limped some.

"Why don't they use acrobats on a job like that?" I demanded, aroused in my turn. "Those cameras are seventy-five feet away. No one in a thousand years could tell whether it was Lucian Littlefield or Sam Brown."

"Blest if I know," said Eddie thoughtfully. "Al Green is the kindest fellow alive, though. He'd be the last person to ask an actor to take a chance unless there was a good reason for it. He probably didn't think it was a chance. That rock at the bottom is what makes it dangerous."

The shot had to be taken again. Several prop boys were bringing the cushioned seats from the machines to put on the offending rock. This was out of line with the camera —only the jump registered, which was supposed to be into space. The cushions didn't take kindly to the ridged rock. My personal opinion was that they were a worse menace than the rock. Apparently Mr. Littlefield shared my belief for he told the men to take them away.

"If I hit those springs I'd bounce into the air and probably land over there on Eddie's boulder," he said.

"Well, move the rock," someone said.

This picture business! Nothing daunts it. Move the rock! It was twelve feet long and two feet stuck above the ground. Goodness knows how deep in the earth it went. But nobody laughed, though on second thought they didn't even try to move the rock.

The shot was finally taken and this time it was okeh.

Edmund Lowe and I talked with Bud White, owner of the bear, John Brown. You saw John Brown in *The Gold Rush,* remember? Bud raised him from a cub. He shot the mother and took both of her children. John's brother was a cranky bear and had to be shot but John was always good-natured and obliging. He never balked at working if his reward was plenty of raisins and honey.

A curious thing happened in Griffith Park not long ago. John was to amble along a trail in the wood and finally catch up with the hero who knew nothing of the animal's presence. Bud laid the trail with raisins and started John on his way. Suddenly the bear sniffed the air and plunged into the underbrush. Bud waited awhile and then followed him. About fifty feet in, a man lay full length on the ground. John was smelling him all over. Bud tried to put a collar on John but the bear reared on his hind legs and started to wrestle. Bud knew enough to humor him. In a few minutes John stopped wrestling and began sniffing the man on the ground who had not moved. Again Bud tried to collar John and again the bear began to wrestle. He seemed perfectly good-natured but Bud knew something queer had happened and that the slightest thing might turn John into a savage.

In the meantime the company had grown impatient and started out to see what had happened. When they found Bud and John engaged in a wrestling match which appeared to be a perfectly friendly one they were hopping mad. Bud explained as quietly as he could and one of the prop men who was a roper lassooed John. Bud was then able to get his collar on.

It was found that the man on the ground was dead. He had hung himself. A bit of rope was still about his neck and his body was not yet cold. How he had fallen to the ground was never discovered unless the bear had chewed the rope, which was possible. John had had a job like that to do in a picture at one time in his career.

Bud says that John is the famous member of the partnership. No one ever remembers *his* name. "Is this John Brown?" a casting director or assistant asks, "No,"

says Bud, "But John doesn't hear so well over the telephone so I'll take the message."

By that time the set was ready. A scaffolding had been put on the highest rock with a pulley. The idea was for Eddie to stand on the lower rock and swing off, then work himself up the rope hand over hand to get out of reach of the bear.

It was blistering hot on the rock and the boys were famished for a drink so Eddie sent to Chatsworth for refreshments. It was amusing to see them tie three bottles of root beer—it *was* root beer. too—to the rope and watch it scale the heights to the men waiting above.

When the climbing scene had been taken to everyone's satisfaction we were moved to the clearing again. It had been some job to get up and it was worse to get down. I was for taking a jump but the men were afraid I'd break everything. It took three of them to get me down.

The next scene was with Eddie and the bear. Eddie was put on a narrow ledge not a foot wide with a gorge in front of him, a wall of rock two feet high on his right, a sharp declivity on his left, and the bear blocking his path in the rear.

John came ambling along digging raisins out of the rock while Eddie signalled frantically to Lucian Littlefield on the rock far above to pull him up. The nearer the bear got to Eddie the better it was for the picture. If he touched him with his funny cold nose it would be better still. With Mr. Lowe's permission then, some honey was smeared on the seat of his pants. Of course the bear wasn't wild. but with a wild animal you can never tell when he will turn native, particularly when he noses warm flesh. Evidently this thought struck Mr. Lowe too, for he said, "When John licks the honey off my pants, suppose he gets interested to find out what's underneath? What's my next move?"

"Your next move, boy, is a long jump into that open space ahead of you," said Bud.

That didn't seem so good, either. I didn't think I'd like to be standing on a ledge not a foot wide, with a gorge in front of me, a sheer wall of rock above and below me, and a bear chewing my rompers. But Eddie stuck it out and his reward of courage was that the bear had difficulty getting a raisin out of the rock just a step in back of the star and filled in the scene pawing at it. Which was a great shot.

The scaffolding holding the cameras had to be taken down and put up again for a closeup and the light wouldn't hold for that so we called it a day. I suppose on a day's location the property boys do as much carpentry as it requires to build a mountain cabin.

The very next evening Estelle Taylor telephoned from Long Beach to say that she was sending her car for me that night. The plan was for me to spend the night at her hotel and at seven the next morning to start with her for the location which was a smelly old boat anchored nine miles off San Pedro harbor.

Well. I don't care whose Rolls Royce I ride in so I packed my bag and waited. We arrived at Long Beach something after eleven and I tumbled into bed. As we breakfasted before the dining-room was open Estelle had to have a special waiter to minister to her needs and he brought me some orange juice, toast and coffee.

Estelle met me downstairs in the car looking like a Spanish gypsy for beauty and color. She was supposed to be an adventuress who gets on this tramp schooner, no one knows how or why. But being a business woman, the young lady tries to 'make' all the male passengers and the crew—it doesn't much matter, until she meets a young man who arouses her better nature.

At San Pedro we got on a special launch which was to take us to the boat and after us was boarded a square wooden box the top of which was covered with wire netting. From the box issued terrified caterwauls.

"What on earth?" I asked.

"That's the bad luck." said Estelle. "there are seven cats on the boat but they are all grey and there had to be a black one." Estelle and I spent our time over talking to the cat and stretching our fingers through the wire to pet him so he wouldn't feel so lonesome.

The boat was something awful, and no place for a lady. Estelle warned me that it was, but I didn't think anything *could* smell so badly. It had been quite a tub in its day and had been run by wealthy Mexicans for business as well as pleasure I was told. There was ample accommodation for both. The main salon stretched from one side of the boat to the other and was filled with windows, and they were all open which was a lucky thing. Three state-rooms opened off one end. Estelle and Martha Mattox who played a straight-laced old party, used the two outside ones for dressing rooms. The middle one was piled with lumber, broken glass and old mattresses that didn't look fit to be burned. The ship is condemned for sailing, you see, and just rides at anchor, being used by fishing parties and motion picture trade. The strange part of it is that it photographs like a million dollars.

Gardner James plays the nice boy whose gentleness rouses the adventuress to higher things. Ralph Ince, the director, who also plays the brutal captain, wanted him to have a wave put in his hair, which Mr. James didn't like a little bit. He made all sorts of wise-cracks at himself.

After two or three scenes in which Estelle had to tease the straight-laced old party and her willing husband, it was time for lunch.

The boys had been working all morning in the galley over some Irish stew. It takes a lot of stew to fill fifty people! Estelle's chauffeur sent over two large boxes of fried chicken by the noon launch and with it a grand pie and some pickles. So with that and the stew and some excellent coffee we didn't do so badly. We ate picnic style, Estelle and I and four others in the party.

In the afternoon. scenes were taken on the narrow deck and the cameras and lights completely blocked the path. To make it worse the generating engine smoked and a 'nigger,' a black screen, had to be put in back of the camera so there was nothing at all to see.

During this time I hung over the rail to watch the fish. There were hundreds feeding on the bread that had been thrown overboard, and a young shark about three feet long was held prisoner by his tail because he had to be used in a scene later. I asked Capt. Singleton, skipper of the boat, whether he had ever seen anyone eaten by a shark and he said that he sure had.

I had been in on several heated conversations in which several people claimed that the man-eating shark was a myth and cited David Starr Jordan and other marine enthusiasts as their authorities.

Captain Singleton said all he knew about it was that a party of men were fishing in a small boat off the coast of Guatamala where sharks grow to be sixty feet and longer. Two of the men dangled their



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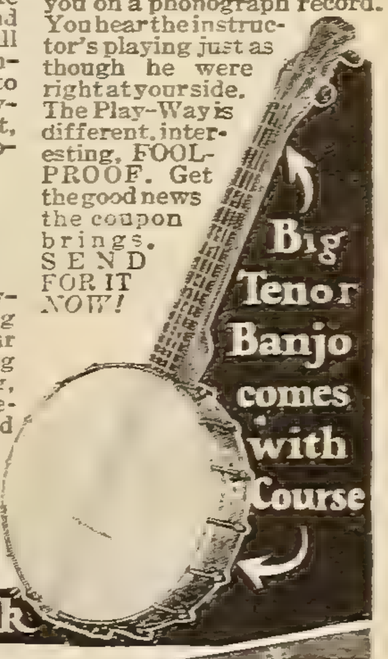
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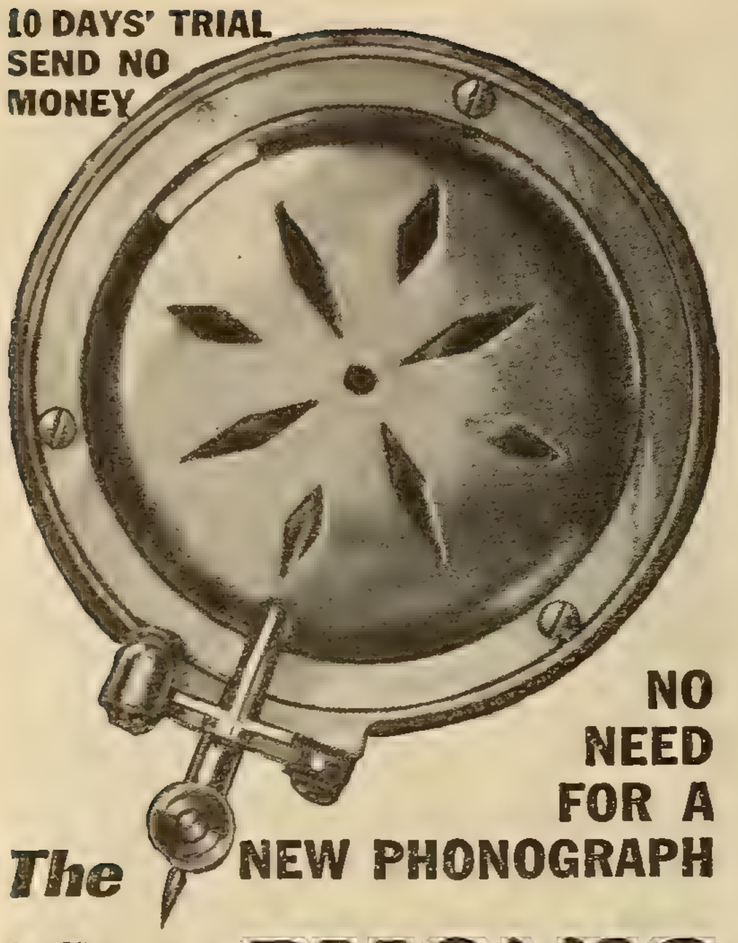
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bare feet in the water. There was a swish and a swirl and a Hammerhead shark had one of them by the legs and in two nips there was nothing to show the existence of a man except the reddened water. It was all over before the others realized what had happened. Captain Singleton told me he saw this with his own eyes, so you can take whichever side you want to.

While she was dressing for her next scene Estelle showed me some telegrams from Jack Dempsey, whom I suppose everyone by now knows is her husband. The wires were barometrical charts of the weather as he crossed the continent. Each one ended with some allusion to it. "It's getting pretty warm. Love. Jack," said the first. The next read, "The heat is something awful." The third, "Plenty hot," and the last, "It's so hot I can't move."

Estelle's work in this picture, *The Singaport Mutiny*, will soon be over and then she boards a train for New York to begin rehearsals for *The Big Fight*, in which she appears under David Belasco's direction with Jack Dempsey.

The rushes of the night before had shown insufficient lighting so the cameramen had five reflectors thrown on Miss Taylor's face. Have you ever faced a reflector? No? Well, when you were a kid did you ever have a pal hold a mirror to the sun and direct its rays toward your face? Yes, that's just what it does. I've often wondered how actors could stand the reflectors in shaded places but under the glare of the sun to have five of them direct the full force of it into your eyes—well, I wondered. So did Estelle, and tried to stand it. The scene opened with the adventuress looking out at sea, which was all right. When the proper old party appears with her husband and begins to make caustic remarks about the length of the young lady's skirt and tight bodice, the girl turns and covers the sour-looking dame with the full glory of her radiant smile and eyes flashing with mischief. As Estelle turned a set look came into her face—the reflectors were doing their stuff. Her eyes flooded with tears and the scene was over. After a good deal of manoeuvering it was found that the same work could be accomplished by using three reflectors in more advantageous places and the day was saved.

We were glad to get back to the hotel in Long Beach, when, after a massage for Estelle, we had an excellent dinner and were driven to our respective homes. I hadn't quite recovered from the jaunt with Estelle Taylor when Julie Lang, the clever young executive in charge of magazine publicity for Paramount Famous Lasky, rang me up to say that I was booked for San Diego by the midnight special.

Moran of the Marines was the name of the picture, Richard Dix was the star, Ruth Elder the lead and ninety-five others of the company were booked for the midnight special also.

The location was the Marine Base at San Diego and was to last four days. I could only spare two but I saw plenty.

It's great sport going on a long location. It's such fun to have a good dinner and sign the check 'Paramount-Lasky,' though I should think Mr. Lasky and Mr. Zukor would feel pretty sick when the bills pour in from an outfit like that—but they get it all back and to spare, so they should worry.

The first day didn't go over so well No one had had much sleep on the train because what always happens happened then. In each car there were four or five people who thought they were alone on a desert island. They talked and laughed and spun yarns until well after three in the morning. We had to be up at six-thirty and what did we face—a brightly shining sun? I guess not. We faced a shower. Yes, sir, in this land where it never rains except in winter, it kicked over the traces to the extent of a lazy ten-minute shower, and remained hazy until noon. Nor was that all.

Delegates from the Union met the train and cheerfully told Fred Newman, the business manager, that the head camera-man being a non-Union man, would be considered a scab in San Diego and they advised him not to try to work. Which made it just fine. Ed had to hop a bus for Los Angeles where he joined up with the Union and returned to San Diego the next day.

Ruth Elder, Flobelle Muir, a writer for Liberty, Bill Rice in charge of the company publicity, and myself found ourselves in the coffee shop of the U. S. Grant. We had breakfast and were then assigned to our rooms where we lazed around until time for lunch.

In the afternoon I went out to the location. One thing struck me as being remarkable in beauty and that was the cloistered arch that ran the whole length of the buildings—nearly a mile long. To stand at one end and look down the endless corridor was quite a breath-taking sight.

The four studio trucks and camera car were there and unloading their stuff. In half an hour camera platforms were erected and activity commenced. Director Frank Strayer organized his men and Linton Wells, the author who was also a marine and assisted in the technical work, bustled about moving people here and there all over the lot. The marine band was lined up and a division of soldiers marched around a bit.

Some very young girls were sitting near and when Richard Dix's car appeared and Richard himself climbed out of it one of them almost fell off her perch. "*There he is!*" she squealed, "Hold me, somebody! Look at that chin—determined," she added romantically.

Lloyd Corrigan, the genial dramatist, who has, like thousands of others been roped into the movies, was there to lend his wit to any situation that might arise. Mr. Corrigan's bow to the movies was in the form of two original stories for Bebe Daniels, *The Campus Flirt* and *Swim, Girl, Swim*, and he did the adaptation for *Red Hair* starring Clara Bow and one of Clara's best in months. I don't think anything further need be said of his ability as a humorist.

Richard only did one scene that afternoon so we all returned to the hotel early to catch up with lost sleep.

Next day the sun was very temperamental. Ruth Elder, Charlotte Mineau who plays the gossipy woman, and I went out to the Base together. Ruth was upset because her dress was too big and her hat didn't fit but as she only appeared in long shots that day it didn't matter. They could be altered in time for the next day's work.

Miss Elder surprised me because she is so small. I didn't expect a giant, but she is barely medium height, small-boned and very slender. And waxing poetic we might say, "Her voice was soft and sweet—an excellent thing in woman."

On our way out to location Ruth told us how thrilled she was to be in pictures. She is an intensely alive young person who seems to find happiness in almost every experience that comes her way, great or small.

Ruth Elder told us something of her celebrated trip. I asked her whether the plane could run itself for a time or whether someone had to be at the control always. She said for a minute or two it could go without guidance but someone had to be right there to take the stick in case anything did go wrong. She and George Haldeman took equal turns at it but she said it would be impossible for her to make such a long flight alone. She believes some woman will train for it and make it but it takes more physical strength than Ruth herself has at her command.

When Richard appeared there was a polite stampede on the part of the Marine Base visitors to have a word with him or to get his autograph. I asked him how it felt to be a celebrity and have everyone know who you were. He said that for the first year it gave him a great kick. The first time it happened a man came up to him and said, "Hello, Richard," and put out his hand.

"I have a terrible memory for faces," Richard continued, "and not recognizing him I racked my brain to think where I had met him, since he seemed to know me so well. 'Just a minute,' I said to him, 'I'll remember in just a minute.' The man laughed. 'You don't know me, Richard, but I've seen several of your pictures and I just feel like we're old friends.'

"And to this day, when some one salutes me I do not catch on. I always begin to search my memory for the name that I cannot place."

Richard is looking forward with a good deal of interest to his next picture, *Redskin*, which will be taken in New Mexico. For a month he will be out in the open that he loves. Sometimes the call of the mountains is so strong that he thinks he will give up pictures entirely and live on a ranch he intends to buy, but the pull isn't quite strong enough because he loves pictures too, which is a good thing for a few million people who are his fans, myself among the number.

Since Richard's illness a few months ago a good many ideas have changed for him. For one thing he will never again be afraid of death. No one thought he would live because for two days before the operation the doctors had kept him packed with ice hoping they could stave it off. But the inflammation continued and Richard hustled through some heavy work one afternoon because he knew he was going to be pretty sick and he felt that it would be for a long time. Luckily for Paramount he was just able to finish the last scene in which he appeared. That night the doctors knew an operation was the only thing that would save him and that it had to be done in a hurry.

"During that illness I touched the border so closely that I could swear I saw beyond. It seemed to me that the difference was very slight—I am convinced that the mind continues on, and the exchange of bodies is so unimportant at that period in one's development as to be almost unnoticeable. You just find yourself in another world and you say to yourself, 'Well, well. So *this* is Paris,'—and go about your business, whatever it is."

When we got back to location there was quite a crowd wanting autographs which Richard obligingly gave. Mr. Wells arranged for some stills to be taken, and finally after hanging around all day the star was called to work at four o'clock for some long shots.

Before he finished I had to leave in order to catch my six-thirty train back to Los Angeles—and that was the end of this month's locations.



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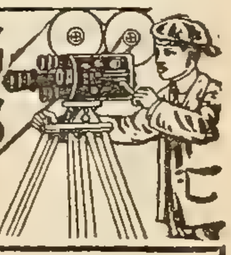
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Shooting a Dam Picture

(*Continued from page 39*)

Great; this sure was a break! Pev Marley to shoot the picture; and I, as assistant on Pev Marley's camera staff, get to go up to the dam. We noticed Pev walking on the lot and waylaid him for information. He had just returned from an inspection trip at the dam. He informed us that the dam was high, plenty high, and that on one side of the dam was a little pond of water that is only one hundred and twenty feet deep. To make things more interesting he also added that this was going to be some location, as the top of the dam is only ten feet wide and most of this space is occupied by materials which they are using in the dam and for us to be very careful and not trip over the wires that are sticking up in the concrete. If you should trip it is only four hundred feet to the bottom and you won't have to call for your insurance. As we were to leave for location at San Fernando Valley at 7:30 A. M. the next morning, we decided to get plenty of 'shut-eye' that night. The location was over forty miles from the studio.

As the title writers put it, 'Then came the dawn and the next day.' The assistant cameramen Roy Noble, Jimmie King, and myself arrived at the studio early and loaded our cameras and camera equipment into the two Cadillacs that had been assigned to the Camera Department. As the equipment filled the two cars, we rode with the rest of the staff in the cars assigned to them. A regular parade of cars and trucks left the studio at this early hour. We were off for location!

On the way out we talked over the plot of the picture. One of the fellows had read the script. Much to my surprise, this picture was to be far different from the usual run of Hollywood pictures that concern dams. There was not going to be a bursting dam. I had previously visualized a miniature dam breaking and by trick photography showing the waters flooding the valley. Also a sequence where the hero rushes through the valley, in a battered Ford, and does a Paul Revere, saving, of course, the heroine and her father, who before was very much opposed to our hero's intentions towards his little Nell. As you might imagine, the rescue was to take place just in the nick of time. Of course a few flashes of the heroine, struggling in the foamy waters, very wet but still very beautiful, were to be spliced into the plot for thrills.

But *Power* does not contain all of this hokum. It is an 'Epic of the West,' the adventure of two workmen who are helping to build this mighty dam; two he-men. These two exponents of Cupid are having many love affairs with the belles about the town, and believe that they are quite the Don Juans. Naturally, 'In Spring, a young man's fancy turns towards love,' etc.' but these young men limited their amours to just Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter. The two young men are ably portrayed by Bill Boyd and Alan Hale.

The story:—Bill noticing Alan in a fight with three gangsters, on top of the dam, goes to his aid and the two of them polish off the gangsters in neat style. Alan grows real brotherly and confidential towards Bill and tells him that the fight was over 'a little blonde.' Bill explains to Alan that his 'teckneek' is awful and that candy will spoil any jane. They shake hands and agree to share their telephone numbers—*i. e.*, the girls' phone numbers. While the boys believed themselves 'the lady killers'

and plenty smart, the girls with a few sweet words of flattery were giving them a good trimming. At a dance, Bill and Alan meet Jackie Logan, who is their image of sweetness and innocence. Actually, she was a few ideas ahead of the boys. They both fall for her and become bitter rivals for her attentions. You know, the 'We'll settle this in the alley' type of hate.

At the dam, Alan has an accident. Bill, risking his own neck, goes to Alan and rescues him. Alan thought that Bill would take this opportunity to bump him off and he told Bill so. Bill told Alan that when he bumps him off, 'It ain't going to be any accident.'

Jackie is only playing them for their money and is secretly wild over a little dance hall sheik, whom both Alan and Bill despise. Very cleverly, Jackie cleans both Bill and Alan of their bank-rolls and watches, and elopes with the sheik. As the boys are ready to shoot it out over who is to have her hand, they notice her leaving on the train with the sheik and are too late to stop her. The sheik, true to his form, is letting Jackie pay their ways and carry the luggage while he struts on ahead carrying his dignity, and she *loves* it. The boys with their ideal proven false swear that they are through with 'wimmin' and then they see a cute little blonde go by. Should they? Oh, what good are resolutions anyhow if you can break them! This is *Power*, 'An Epic of the West,' where men are still *men*.

This picture is a clever vehicle for Bill and Alan as it is very much suited to their types. Both of them are very funny off the screen as well as on. Bill is the handsome boy for whom all of the girls fall and Alan is the big-wise-cracker who has 'that way,' you know. The story has some real thrills and you can depend on a full quota of laughs. I have told you enough about the story of the picture so now I shall tell you a few interesting high lights about how it was filmed. Naturally, this is the part that I am really interested in, but when we get a good cast and a good story to work with we sometimes grow enthusiastic. Of course a cameraman's work is always interesting and exciting.

About the time we finished talking and laughing over the plot of the picture, we had reached the dam. The dam is right between two mountains. The mountains at this point are very close together, only two hundred feet apart, at their bases. The valley back of the dam gradually widens, and becomes over two miles wide. The dam is for flood control, because when it rains out here, *it rains*. Previously the water rushing down the mountains would go through the valley with tremendous destructive force. The country back of the dam is very rugged. Two or three miles back of the dam is a group of cabins that are occupied by government surveyors. All of their supplies are hauled by pack-mule over mountain trails. During the season, you can hunt deer in the forests beyond.

When you reach the construction camp at the base of the mountains, the dam is not in sight, due to a twist in the valley. This feature made it hard to obtain long shots of the dam. The ones that we did obtain were very dangerous to secure, as we had to climb the side of the mountain over paths that could hardly be described as trails. All of the cabins are wired and weighed down with stones for protection against winds and rains. Going up the side of the mountain, is a tramway on which run two cars. One balances the other. These steel cars are used to haul sand and rock up the mountain to the concrete mixer. The workmen also use these cars to ride to and from work. The cars, by the way, are pulled almost straight up the mountain side by a single cable and there are no safeties on the cars should one of the cables snap. At the bottom of the tramway is a loading pit, back of which is a great stone wall. One naturally visualized a cable breaking, the cars rushing down the mountain side, and smashing into the stone wall. This indeed was a splendid stimulant for the nerves!

All of us viewed the tramway with suspicion and made the usual bright cracks, to gloss over our anxiety and to impress others with our courage. On one side of the tramway is a flight of stairs. They go up, up, and still up. Of course we could walk up these steps, but how about our cameras and the five hundred pounds of camera equipment? One of our truck drivers walked up the flight of stairs for curiosity's sake and complained of sore leg muscles for a week.

The directors and the actors began to arrive. While the work on the dam was temporarily suspended, the studio hired extras to act as workmen. They also hired some of the regular employees who had worked for the construction company. The studio got a splendid break, in that actual construction at the dam was at a standstill, while we were there. We were able to use all of the hoists, rigging, in fact anything, at our own wish. This we could never have done if construction had been going on.

After they started building the dam again, I returned with another cameraman and we obtained all of the construction atmosphere shots necessary. All of our extras worked under the supervision of Mr. Frank Livingston, superintendent of the dam. In appreciation of his splendid cooperation we gave him a leather-covered stool on which were autographed the names of the principal actors, the director, and the rest of the staff.

Mr. Higgin, our director, after surveying the situation and, I imagine, feeling the same way we did toward the height, decided that we should work from the bottom up. So we shot every conceivable angle and imagined a few more, showing how the workman rode up and down the tramway —Bill and Alan, of course, acting their prescribed roles. They are constantly in an argument over girls. No more angles or scenes left, we *had* to get into the cars with cameras and everything and ride to the top. Man, that's a ride. Talk about your Coney Island, Venice, or Ocean Park coaster rides, they're pikers compared to what they build out here. This ride only proved to be a little introduction to what was in store for us.

By the time everyone and all of the equipment had reached the top it was twelve o'clock, so we quit for lunch. The property department issued the old famous box lunches and a pint bottle of milk. The only shade in sight was the interior of the building where they store concrete, so all of us retired there. As one of the boys said later, "Two more lunches here and I won't need that new *porcelain* filling I was going to get in my tooth. I got a good concrete foundation starting now."

After lunch and a rest and feeling more venturesome, we returned to the job of making pictures. Of course my cameraman and myself drew the hard camera set-up. We had to set up on the roof of the hoist-shed, at the top of the tramway! A full seventy-five feet above the other cameramen. It was here that I got my first glimpse of the dam and also my initiation to the heights from which we were to work.



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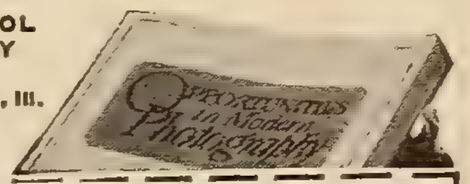
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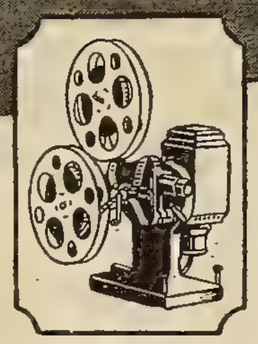




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The dam was awe-inspiring. Men, who looked minute, walked along the edges at the top. Some were dangling over the side from ropes attached to bos'n chairs and they were cleaning the side of the dam. The dam has a most peculiar shape. It is ten feet thick at the top and one hundred and twenty feet thick at the base. Its wall is curved and also V-shaped to fit into the valley. You get a big kick when you look over the side of the dam from the top. You wonder how they ever designed such a funny-looking thing. There are horizontal, concrete-form markings about three feet apart on the wall. Rising from the bottom of the dam and towering two hundred feet above it, making the height of over six hundred feet, is the steel-latticed concrete hoist. From the top of the hoist, concrete sluices project down to the dam at various angles. Behind the dam, are the rugged mountain ranges and at their bases is the lake formed by the dam. The entire ensemble was like a modernistic painting by some Russian artist. To picture everything thoroughly, I would need be a writer of vacation pamphlets for some railroad company, or a California real-estate salesman. As high as the dam and tower appeared it was hard to believe that they were higher than many skyscrapers and only a few feet lower than the Woolworth Building.

After securing the necessary shots from these positions, we climbed up the trail to the top of the dam. Climbing a steep trail with an eighty-five pound camera on your shoulder is no easy task. Everyone pitched in and helped carry reflectors and camera accessories to the top. From there, looking down the valley, you can see for miles a semi-desert country with orange groves, cactus, and yucca in profusion.

Stretched between the two mountains is a heavy cable. On this cable runs a basket-like conveyor, known as a skip. This skip hardly clears the concrete hoist tower. It is operated by hand signals by a man in the control shed on the side of the mountain. In order to go from one end of the dam to the other, due to its construction at that time, you must ride across in the skip or walk over. But when you walk over, it is necessary that you climb down the side of the dam for a distance of fifty feet, climb along the forms for fifty more feet and then climb back to your original height. You climb down on narrow concrete forms and should you miss your footing, you will fall four hundred feet. Of course it is impossible to carry any equipment over this way. Several of us, after growing accustomed to the height, and not being able to use the skip when we desired it, went back and forth in that manner. The workmen building the dam think nothing of walking on the edges of concrete forms that are only four inches wide.

It is strange how one grows accustomed to the height. In a few days most of us would climb anywhere and after the fourteen days that I spent up there, there were few places that I wouldn't go or didn't in order to obtain shots.

As our fight sequence was staged on the far side of the dam, it was necessary that all of us ride over in the skip. In order to clear everything the skip must be raised as high as it will go (eight hundred feet). The skip swings like a basket from a captive balloon. You get a swell view of the dam from the skip, but who is interested in that? For the nervous man there was always the discomforting squeak-squeak, squeak-squeak of the pulley wheels. The fellows who took the part of the gangsters, strange to say, were the ones who were

most affected by the ride.

Alan and Bill furnished the laughs for the troupe. Alan and Bill with 'Breezy,' Alan's valet, spent one afternoon hunting gophers with an air gun and there weren't any gophers. The clowning that you see in Bill and Alan's screen acting is entirely natural. When we were ready to shoot a scene, both of them would have in mind what they were to do and what lines to speak for titles, if any. Then they would go ahead and act the scene and ad. lib. the conversation as they went along. The surprising part was that this conversation was always funny and yet in keeping with the story. Many times they would have those behind the cameras convulsed with laughter.

For example, the gangsters call to Alan Hale to come up to where they are. Not knowing their identity, he does so. One of them says, "Are you the guy they call Handsome?" "Yeh, that's me," says Alan with kind of an embarrassed smile and he puts forth his hand to shake hands. "Well, my name is Smith," replies the tough one and socks Alan one on the jaw. Alan goes down with the blow and just saves himself from falling over the edge of the dam by grabbing one of the reinforcing bars. He glances down to the bottom of the dam. *Oh!* He jumps up rubbing his jaw, and yells out, "Thank God, it wasn't Murphy," and then wades into the fight. All of this he made up while acting the scene. Later during this fight one of the gangsters became dizzy from fighting too near the edge of the dam and fainted. In justice to the man, we'll add that it was a hot day also.

The concrete hoist-tower is plenty high! On top of this tower is a little wood platform, that the skip just clears. The director thought that it would be a swell shot to show Alan working on the tower and Bill riding back and forth by him in the skip. Of course Bill and Alan were to be arguing about the advantages of their individual 'teckneek' for slaying the 'twists.' Both Bill and Alan looked at the director, then way up at the tower and then back to Mr. Higgin. "Yeh, you would suggest," they both said in unison. Nevertheless, both of them went up and the shot was made.

Like a few other successful comedians, Bill and Alan are also capable in more dramatic roles. Perhaps you remember William Boyd in *The Volga Boatman,* and *The Yankee Clipper,* and Alan Hale in *The Covered Wagon, The Four Horsemen,* and *Robin Hood.* Many times during lunch hours or periods of waiting, Bill and Alan would tell us their reminiscences of various pictures, actors, and locations. All of us will remember the Pocoima Dam and what we did up there. Some will remember the height, the skip, the rides, the drop of seven hundred feet in a concrete hoist bucket, the swinging out on concrete sluices, and the mountain trails. Of course I will remember all of it, as I was out there five days longer than any of the other boys from the studio, but what will linger in mind, will be the remembrance of the dinner I had with the superintendents of the dam, at the construction camp. We had lots of everything to eat and it was served by two Chinese cooks!

Should you chance to meet Pev Marley, the chief cinematographer of *Power,* ask him how high 'up' is. Pev's answer will probably be, "Cranking a camera from a little platform, on the top of a concrete-hoist tower, that is only four feet square and eight hundred feet high and from where you can easily look down and see the top of Pocoima Dam, four hundred feet below and on which the workmen look just 'so high,' and then have a sudden realization that there is four hundred feet again between them and terra firma. Different than an airplane, you are still in contact with earth and consequently can see a depth of perspective, which has a strange effect on your senses. That is how high 'up' is." And Pev's explanation is all right with me, and the rest of the boys!

Ask Me—*Continued from page 6*

black hair, brown eyes and is 6 feet tall and not married. I think if you address him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal., he will send you a picture.

L. C. of Woodbridge, N. J. You take the movies, Lester, and as far as I'm concerned I do not care where you take 'em, I'd love them most any place. *Way Down East* was produced in 1920 with Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Lowell Sherman playing the principal roles. You will find the ages of Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford elsewhere in this department.

Miss Saucy of San Francisco. You can't fool me with your 'sassy' chatter or did you? Of course I knew you—I never forget a face for don't I deal in faces, ages, heights and weights from all points east and west, including Norway and Sweden? Carmel Myers and Alma Rubens were born in San Francisco, Cal. Carmel is 5 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 124 pounds. She has brown hair and green eyes. Alma has black hair, dark brown eyes, is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 130 pounds. Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Va., in 1899. Gilbert Roland was born in Mexico in 1905. He has black hair and brown eyes.

Vern V. D. of Vanoss. Have I discovered some long-lost relation that's just pining away for a visit from me for no good reason? Don't be facetious; it's a long way to Oklahoma and I'm no mean sprinter. Richard Talmadge is not married. I'm sorry I haven't the cast of the film you asked for but it's been shelved so long ago. Here comes the new cowboy, Rex Bell, in *Wild West Romance* with Caryl Lincoln. Sit up, girls, and keep your eyes open when this youngster hits the trail.

Red from New York. Of course I'm a regular guy and who wouldn't be to answer all these questions? Yes, I'm crazy about red hair and the movies and I'm known far and wide as an easy giggler—but I have my serious moments and I feel one coming on right now. Sid Taylor, Ethlyne Clair and Sunny McKeen are the 'cut-ups' in *The Newlyweds.* Who is my 'ideal screen lover?' Believe it or not, the list is too long for publication. Greta Garbo is not married to John Gilbert, and as far as I know John is not engaged to Greta. Joan Crawford is playing with John Gilbert in *Four Walls* and Greta Garbo is seen in *The Mysterious Lady* with Conrad Nagel.

From Old Virginia. You're very serious about Janet Gaynor, aren't you? Why not write her a come-hither letter, state your



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The Place of Lela L'Avenay in the History of Cosmetics

THE beauty of the human form has long been the object of study and the arts which have developed from this study are manifold. Chief among them, however, is the art of cosmetics.

There is no primitive people known to history which has not employed dyes for purposes of adornment and religion. Smart Egyptian ladies stained their eyelids purple with Kohl and their hair and nails red with henna. Aristocratic Athenians perfumed the hair with marjoram and the brows with essence of apples. The arms were rubbed with mint, the knees with ground ivy. Baccaris, an extract of crocus, was put on the soles of the feet, and rhubarb on the fingers. The face was painted with white lead and the lips with alkamet.

The genius of the Moors invented the process of extracting and preserving perfumes by means of distillation and of purifying facial cosmetics from the harmfulness of such ingredients as white lead.

The art of the Moors passed with the Crusaders through Europe. But it remained for the France of Louis XVI and Napoleon I for this art of adornment to reach its highest attainment.

The story is told that, after the great Napoleon had married Josephine, the Creole beauty, and become Emperor of France, he was sitting in conference with his ministers of State when the beautiful Countess Walewska, who later gave herself to the cause of Polish liberty, was announced.

"What a beautiful woman", murmured the Emperor, "and what a translucent skin".

"Sire", replied Walewska, who had heard the whispered words, "my beauty, like your greatness, is due only partly to nature, the rest to Art. But while you have developed your own Art, that of Empire, I give credit for mine, the art of Beauty, to Lela L'Avenay, in whose secret formulae lies the beauty of woman".

"This Lela L'Avenay must have the blessing of the Emperor", said Napoleon gravely.

The results of this conversation were remarkable. Lela L'Avenay, whose secret formulae for the development of beauty and contour have been preserved, was elevated to court and made a member of the aristocracy. The use of her cosmetics became the signal of distinction, for it was to the upper aristocracy alone that she revealed her secrets.

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case in an off-hand manner, request a smiling picture of her and wait for results. Time alone can tell what you will get. As far as I know, Janet's beautiful smile was never used to advertise tooth brushes. She played with Glenn Tryon and Ben Bard in *Two Girls Wanted*. I have given Janet's address and other information about her, elsewhere in this department.

Marie C. S. of Chicago. The Fair Co-Ed in which Marion Davies scored such a tremendous success was from the story by George Ade and the adaptation and continuity by Byron Morgan. As far as I know it's not in print. Janet Gaynor is to do *Kitty*, Warwick Deeping's popular story. *Sorrell and Son* is also from his pen. Lya de Putti is to make several films for Columbia Pictures Corp., 1408 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal.

Queda from the Empire State. Renee Adoree seems to be the 'girl of the hour' in my question box this month. Atta girl, Renee, as we'd say in France, if we couldn't say anything else. She was born in Lille, France, in 1901. John Roche was born in Penn Yan, N. Y., but he doesn't say when. He appears with Eleanor Boardman in *Diamond Handcuffs* for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Dolores del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905, in Durango, Mexico. Victor Varconi is 6 feet tall and was born March 31, 1896, in Kisvarda, Hungary. Marceline Day was born in Colorado Springs, Colo., April 24, 1906.

A Texan from Houston. Conventions may come and go but the movies and beauty contests go on forever. No, I wouldn't say that a winner of a beauty contest stands the best show in the movie game—many winners have failed to make good. It takes more than a pretty face, much more. But your state stands high in good screen material as the following faces and figures will attest: Florence Vidor is from Houston. Mary Brian, Madge Bellamy, Dorothy Devore, Bebe Daniels, Allene Ray, Corinne Griffith, Sharon Lynn and Nancy Nash are all from Texas. The serial, *The Riddle Rider*, starring William Desmond and Lola Todd, was made at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Miss E. C. E. of Woodburn, Ore. Constance Talmadge has been married twice and each time to a non-professional but never to Buster Collier or Ben Lyon. Several of the stars have long hair. Vilma Banky, Dolores del Rio, Janet Gaynor, Patsy Ruth Miller, Olive Borden, Jobyna Ralston and Irene Rich are not wasting worry over their bobber's bills and why should they?

M. C. V. of Templeton, Cal. Yours was the shortest letter I've had in a long time. Short and cutish, so to speak, but 'speakeasy.' You can reach Lloyd Hughes at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Ronald Colman can be addressed at Samuel Goldwyn Productions-De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

A Blonde Admirer from Conn. What would the world do without a blonde now and then? Just try and find out! Tom Tyler can be addressed at F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. He was born in Port Henry, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1904. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 1½ inches tall and weighs 190 pounds. Tom isn't married but he won't have any trouble in leading either blondes or brunettes to the altar, if his fan mail is any indication of a guy's popularity.

R. M. M. L., Toledo, Ohio. You want the ages of half the stars in Hollywood. How about the other half? All right, if you can stand it, I can. It's not *my* age I'm giving you. Bebe Daniels is 27. Alice Terry, 32. Colleen Moore, 26. Patsy Ruth Miller, 24. Mary Brian, 20. Greta Nissen, 23. Laura La Plante, 24. Joan Crawford, 23. Gilda Gray, 31. Norma Shearer, 24. Dolores del Rio, 22. Mary Pickford, 35. Lillian Gish, 32. Pola Negri, 31. Renee Adoree, 27. Dolores Costello, 22. Helene Costello, 20. Lya de Putti, 23. Ralph Forbes, 27. Cullen Landis, 33. Tom Tyler, 24. Ramon Novarro, 29.

Lady Love from Los Angeles. I pause to raise my good-looking eye-brows and give you the high sign; then you take your cue or club and say, applesauce or any other old fruit. Now that we're properly introduced, let's go on with the show. Col. Tim McCoy was born April 10th, but I do not know the year. I'm sorry to dash all your hopes but your ideal is married and has three little McCoys so I can't see how he can be very lonely on his Wyoming ranch when not making pictures. You can address Col. Tim at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

J. V. P., Asbury Park, N. J. Can I spare you a few moments? That's all right with me, but don't be among the missing numbers too long. William Collier, Jr., was born in New York City, Feb. 12, 1902. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. Ann Christy, who played so delightfully with Harold Lloyd in *Speedy*, is to be seen with Jack Holt and Nancy Carroll in *The Water Hole*.

Wandering from Portland, Ore. How come? But to get back to your muttons, as the shepherd would say, does Clive Brook ever answer personal letters? Why don't you take a chance, or a pen, and write him at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.? He was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. He has brown hair and gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. He is married and has two children.

A Patsy Ruth Miller Fan. No, you can't call me your favorite *Answer Man* and get away with it. Can't I be your favorite and still be a lady? Patsy Ruth was born June 22, 1904, in St. Louis, Mo. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 105 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes. Her first break into pictures was a small part in one of Buster Keaton's comedies in 1921. In 1922 she was one of the first Wampas Baby Stars. You can address her at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Patsy Ruth appears in *Once and Forever* and *The Tragedy of Youth*.

David Jones, Jr., of Youngstown. Get your sling-shot ready, David, and join the line of noisy loud 'speakies.' The silent drama and noiseless comedy are going into the discard and who wants to hear his neighbors read the titles from the screen anyway? Janet Gaynor is an American, born in Philadelphia, Pa., in 1907. She has brown eyes and curly brown hair. Calm your fears; Janet is not engaged to Charles Farrell. They co-starred in *7th Heaven* and *Street Angel*. Janet appears in *The Four Devils* with Nancy Drexel, Charles Morton and Barry Norton.

Dumpling, Utica, N. Y. Wanted, one smile from Harry Langdon. Now if that isn't enough to break a heart of stone. Come on, Harry, smile for the dumpling. Sally

O'Neil was born Oct. 23, 1908, in Bayonne, N. J. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has dark blue eyes and black hair. Sally was loaned to Universal for *The Girl on the Barge*. She gets her mail at Tiffany-Stahl Studios, 4516 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. You want Billie Dove and Leatrice Joy to play with Richard Dix in some of his pictures, do you? Richard has reached the ripe old age of 34 years but his directors are still telling him just what girls he can play with and I'm not big enough to stop 'em.

Trilby D. of Cincinnati. I'm sorry I cannot tell you anything about the private life, if any, of C. Gardner Sullivan, the scenario writer. He adapted *Tempest* for United Artists, the film that John Barrymore, Camilla Horn, George Fawcett and Louis Wolheim appear in. You might write him at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Mr. Sullivan was born in 1888 in Stillwater, Minn. He was educated at the University of Minn. Before beginning his screen career, he was a newspaper man.

Kid Boots from Buffalo. Carried you home from many a date, have they? But why bring that up? Victor Varconi was born in Hungary, March 31, 1896. He is 6 feet tall and has dark brown hair and eyes, and is married. He is in *The Divine Lady* with Corinne Griffith. Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surry, England. He is separated from his wife.

Constance of Gadsby, Alberta, Canada. Thanks a lot for my deserved praise—my chest is heavy with medals for deep diving—into the past records for old films. In these days of youthful hats in large head sizes, a film that dates back two or three years is ancient lore. William Haines did not play in *Don't* but John Patrick, James Morrison and Bert Roach appeared with Sally O'Neil in that picture. In *Sally, Irene and Mary*, you saw Joan Crawford, Sally O'Neil and Constance Bennett with Billy Haines.

Lorene of Homewood, Ill. Can you ask more than one question? I can't say, but did you ever try? Joseph Schildkraut played opposite Norma Talmadge in *The Love Song*. William Haines has been referred to as *The Smart Aleck*. In pronouncing King Vidor's name, you could make it rhyme with cider but that wouldn't be strong enough. Make a long *e* out of *i* and you'll be sitting prretty with the Vidors.

Helen B. of Delaware. Your swell description of Miss Vee Dee will be filed away with all my press notices and other what-nots. If I could swing a line like yours, I'd be the world's best story-teller. No, Helen, I'm not in the movies but it's not my fault; if the producers could see me as you do in your wildest moments, I'd be a hot shot and win a cool million from my public. Gloria Swanson was in comedies for Mack Sennett once upon a time, but I don't remember the name of any particular film. Gloria has brown hair and blue eyes and was born March 27, 1897, in Chicago, Ill. Olive Borden was born in Norfolk, Va. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes.

Ruth K. of Melrose Park, Ill. Your favorite, Leslie Fenton, was born March 12, 1903, in Liverpool, England. He was Lieutenant Moore in *What Price Glory* who made the fans wake up and take off their hats to a really fine actor. Leslie plays with George Bancroft and Evelyn Brent in *The Drag Net* and *The Showdown*

Miss South Buffalo. I'd never walk if I could dance the back bend, the split, stand on my hands and toes and all the other nice things that you do. I do not know Ned Wayburn personally but he might be able to help you get on your feet. Renee Hamilton is the wife of James Hall. He is 5 feet 1 inch tall and has brown hair and blue eyes. Richard Arlen is the husband of Jobyna Ralston. Address Richard at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

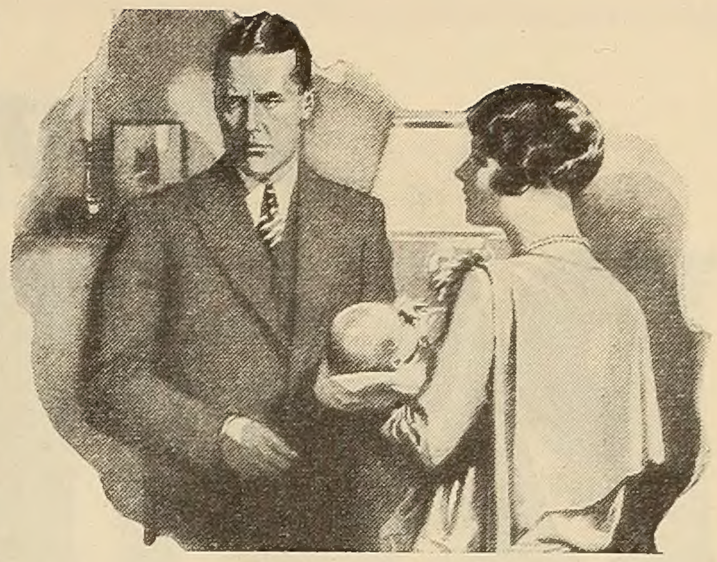
Noisy of Monongahela, Pa. Are you the missing link from Chicago? Clara Bow played with Donald Keith in *Plastic Age*. Olive Borden is not married. She appeared with Lawrence Gray in *Pajamas* and with Tony Moreno in *Come to My House*. Allene Ray is the wife of Larry Wheeler. She was born Jan. 2, 1903, in San Antonio, Texas. She has golden hair and blue eyes and is 5 feet 3½ inches tall. Donald Keith was born in Boston, Mass., 23 years ago. His real name is Francis Feeney. He is married.

Frances S. of Detroit, Mich. Please don't come to blows but if you have to fight, do it quietly and with dignity; for I can settle the row with ease and dispatch. Helene Costello has short hair and Dolores has long locks but how long I can't say. Vilma Banky has appeared in *The Dark Angel, The Son of the Sheik, The Winning of Barbara Worth, Night of Love, Magic Flame* and *Two Lovers*. Vilma's new leading man is Walter Byron, an Englishman. You can address Ralph Forbes at Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Ronald Colman at Samuel Goldwyn Productions, De Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Rex Lease Admirer from Ironton, Ohio. So you think I'm a hero. You're wrong, I'm a perfect lady. You ask how the stars keep their eye-brows from over-stepping the beauty line; they have to draw a line some place and why not let the eye-brows do it? Rex Lease has appeared in *The Outlaw Dog, Moulders of Men, Not for Publication, Clancy's Kosher Wedding, Canceled Debts* and *The College Hero*. Rex was born in Central City, Va., Feb. 11, 1903. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and green eyes. He is married to Charlotte Merriam but they are separated.

A. H. S. of Illinois. Months ago you gave me 'a lost want ad.' asking for the whereabouts of a certain Movie Fans' Friendship Club. If you are still interested, here is the cold fact, all nicely warmed over for you. The secretary of the club, Charles Mank, Jr., 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill., is the answer to your query and to all others who have lost the address of that little band of screen lovers. You know what I mean, now—*screen* lovers, not screen *lovers*. By the way, I hereby give fair warning that this is the positively last appearance of any fan club news in my department, for the reason that most of my readers would prefer my pages to be devoted to information about their favorite stars. No hard feelings, I hope.

A Girl from Carolina. You want me to straighten you out? Why, I wouldn't have the heart to straighten out any of those good old Carolina Curves. Bebe Daniels' real name is Bebe. You just add Daniels when you want to be formal.



"Have you forgotten the dreams you used to have?"

"Remember how we used to sit and talk before we were married? We planned so many things together—how much we would save each week—where we would go on our vacations—the house we would build in the suburbs.

"You were ambitious then, Bill, and everyone was predicting a great future for you. But somehow things haven't worked out as they might.

"Please, Bill, please don't forget the dreams you used to have. I want to be proud of you . . . I want Junior to be proud of you when he grows up and we want to send him to college.

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Maybelline
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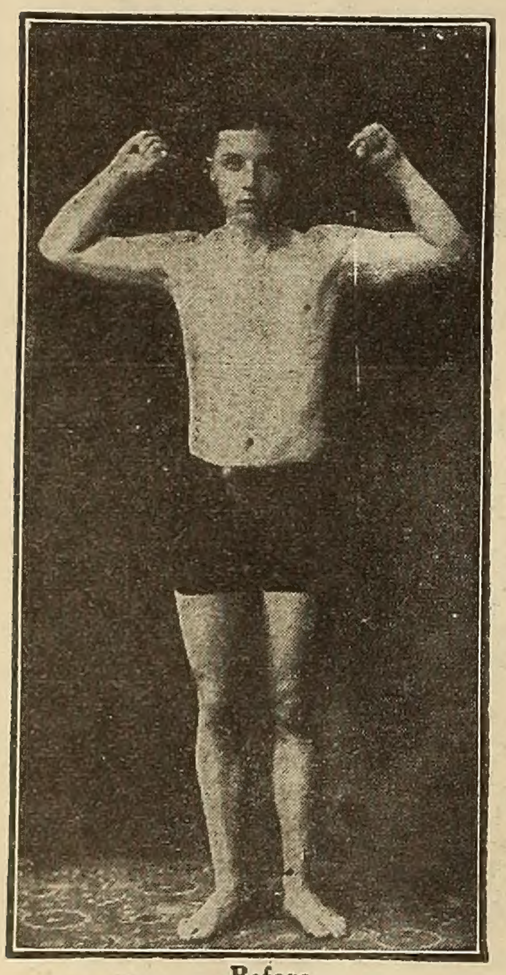


Instantly darkens eyelashes and brows. Makes lashes appear longer and more luxuriant. Gives depth, brilliance, expression and charm to the eyes. Harmless. Easily applied. Approved by millions of lovely women the world over. Solid or water-proof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

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SONGWRITERS!
PUBLISHERS PAY ADVANCE ROYALTIES
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From "PUNY" to PANTHER-MAN



Before

This lad looked pretty hopeless when he came to me. His arms looked like sparrow wings with the feathers removed. His ribs stood out and his bones tried to poke through his skin all over his body. His chest was hollow, his neck was scrawny. He had sluggish blood circulation and jumpy nerves. He couldn't sleep. Then he took my course.

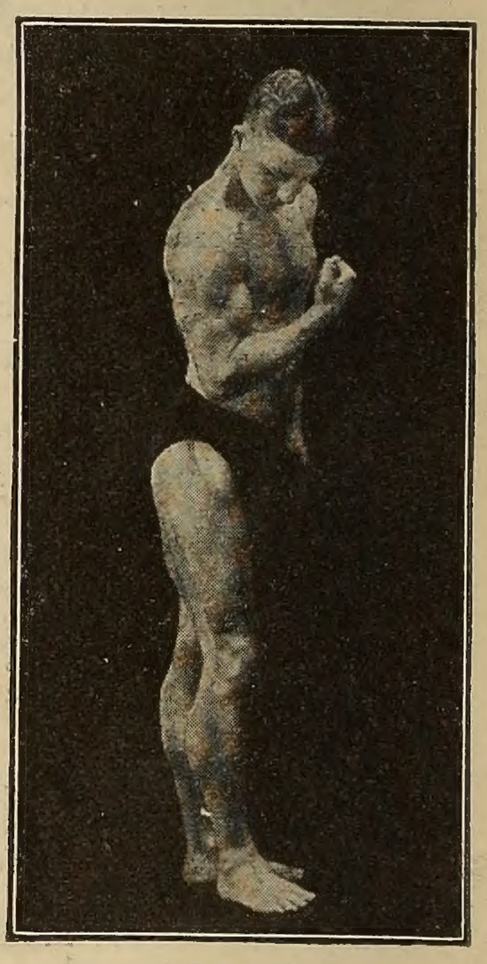
LOOK at these two pictures! LOOK at them!! Then go peek in your mirror and see which one of them is more like you. Never mind blushing! Don't waste time being ashamed! There's no need of *staying* that way!

The chap in the picture got next to himself. They nicknamed him "puny"—once. But the man who calls him "puny" now will have a battle on his hands. And the *best* part of it is that not only his appearance, but his whole LIFE has been changed! Instead of waking up in the morning with burning eyes and heavy head, instead of ducking all sports that require strength, *he eats 'em up!* He's full of pep, stamina, strength and vitality. He never knows when to quit—and it doesn't matter. His body can stand the gaff, whatever it is. *Do YOU want a body like that?*

Panther Muscles or CLUMSY BEEF?

Which do YOU want? Do you want the long, rippling muscles of a panther—terrific in power, swift and sure in action? Those are the muscles that make CHAMPIONS—muscles that THINK! Muscles under perfect control. Not beef! Not fat! Not clumsy POUNDS!

I *guarantee* to make every muscle you own glow with new health and vigor! I'll cover your body with bands of steel; I'll give you the arms and legs and torso of a *champion!* There are muscles and sinews in your body that you never knew existed; but *I know where they are* and in a week they'll be bulging out so *everyone* can see them.



30 Days After

What a man! In thirty days I built the fellow you see above. I **loaded** his bones with muscles! I gave him a body that laughs at hardships and illness. He says, "No other apparatus and instruction can **touch** yours. When the human body will hold another muscle—Titus will put it there!"

I'll Give You a New Body in 30 Days!

Sure, you can develop a few clumsy hunks of muscles by swinging a pair of dumb-bells or pulling on an old-fashioned exerciser. But that's not my way. I train you *scientifically.* I've trained leading strong men all over the world—I've trained most of the trainers who are putting out their own courses today. My methods build up every nerve, every cell, every vital organ, every muscle in your body! There's nothing like Titus training—and there's nothing like the apparatus I give you—my own exclusive invention.

Don't think you haven't a chance if you don't happen to be a giant now. No sir! You're just the man I want. There's nothing I like better than to take hold of a man who's run down, weak and soft—the one that has been given up for lost. That's when I do my stuff.

Thirty days—that's all I ask! I'll make you over from head to foot. Your friends won't recognize you. Boy! When you feel those big, brawny muscles ripping up and down your back, over your arms, down your legs! Let me show you what it feels like to be a PANTHER!

WIN $1000

My mammoth $2000 Prize Contest for 1928 is now under way. First Prize $1000. Other big cash prizes, too. You don't have to be a Hercules to win one of these prizes. Awards are made for the biggest **gain**—the biggest improvement. Everyone has the same chance to win. Full particulars included with my big **FREE BOOK.** Mail the coupon NOW.

LET ME SEND YOU MY AMAZING NEW BOOK

"MIRACLES in MUSCLE"

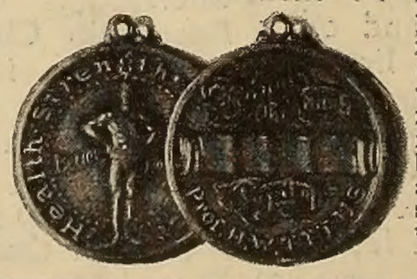
It contains *true* stories—stories of miracles worked in muscle. It's chock-full of actual photographs of myself and bodies I have rebuilt all over the world. Learn how Physical Culture Authorities keep in the "Pink" of condition. Read for yourself the story of Mr. I. R. Gaynor, a former invalid, who couldn't stand on his feet. See what a Physical Marvel and Athlete I made of him in 30 days. My record in muscle building will open your eyes.

Shoot the coupon along NOW for your copy of this wonderful book. Just enclose a nickel for postage. The book itself is FREE and it's a knockout! Make this day the turning point in your life. Do it *now*—you may forget!

No strings, no obligations—Read the whole amazing story for yourself.

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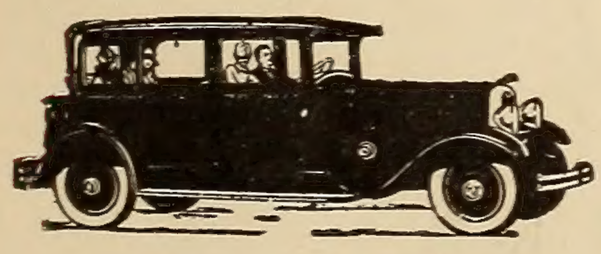
$5,000.00
Worth of Prizes

I AM going to give away ABSOLUTELY FREE, more than $5,000.00 worth of wonderful prizes, consisting of two Automobiles, two Phonographs, a Shetland Pony, a Radio, a Bicycle, Silverware and many other high grade articles of merchandise—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash. Already we have given away Thousands of Dollars in Cash and Valuable Prizes to advertise our business, but this is the most liberal offer we have ever made. First Prize winner will receive an 8 Cyl., 100 Horsepower, Custom Built Studebaker Sedan or $2,250.00 in cash; Second Prize Winner will receive a Four-door Chevrolet Sedan or $675.00 in cash; Third Prize Winner will receive a Victor Orthophonic Victrola, Model 84, or $235.00 in cash, etc. Each Prize will be shipped and delivered right to the winner's door, all charges paid. This offer is open to anyone living in the United States, outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company of many years' standing.



Find 5 Objects
Starting with the Letter "C"

There are many objects in the picture of the circus above, such as lion, balloon, Indian, automobile, rooster, boy, tent, etc. If you can find 5 that start with the letter "C," you may win a Big Prize. Just think of winning a wonderful new 8-cylinder Studebaker Sedan or $2,250.00 in cash, absolutely free. Somebody is bound to win. Why not you? Get busy right away. Find five objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me at once.



List of Prizes

1. 8 Cylinder Studebaker Sedan.
2. Four-door Chevrolet Sedan.
3. Victor Orthophonic Victrola.
4. Shetland Pony, Saddle and Bridle.
5. Seven Tube Console Radio.
6. Fibre Living Room Set.
7. Electric Vacuum Cleaner.
8. Apollo Motorbike Bicycle.
9. 100-Piece Dinner Set.
10. Ladies' or Men's Elgin Watch.
11. 29-Piece Silverware Set.
12. Swanson King Portable Phonograph.
13. New Haven Banjo Clock.
14. Wrought Iron Bridge Lamp.
15. Ladies' Overnight Bag.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

In addition to the Studebaker Sedan, the Chevrolet Sedan, the Victor Orthophonic Victrola, the Shetland Pony and the many other valuable prizes—besides Hundreds of Dollars in Cash—I am also going to give $550.00 in Cash for Promptness. It will pay you to act at once. Any winner may have cash instead of the prize won and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded. There are no tricks or illusions of any kind and neatness or handwriting do not count. You will not be asked to write in any squares, add up any figures, build words, or solve any additional puzzles of any kind. Get busy right away. Find 5 objects starting with the letter "C," fill in the coupon below and send it to me just as soon as possible. EVERYBODY REWARDED. Address

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The objects starting with the letter "C" are:

My Name_____

My Address_____



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation No Cough.

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